BRITAIN'S HEAVIEST ROCK MAG

KERRANG!

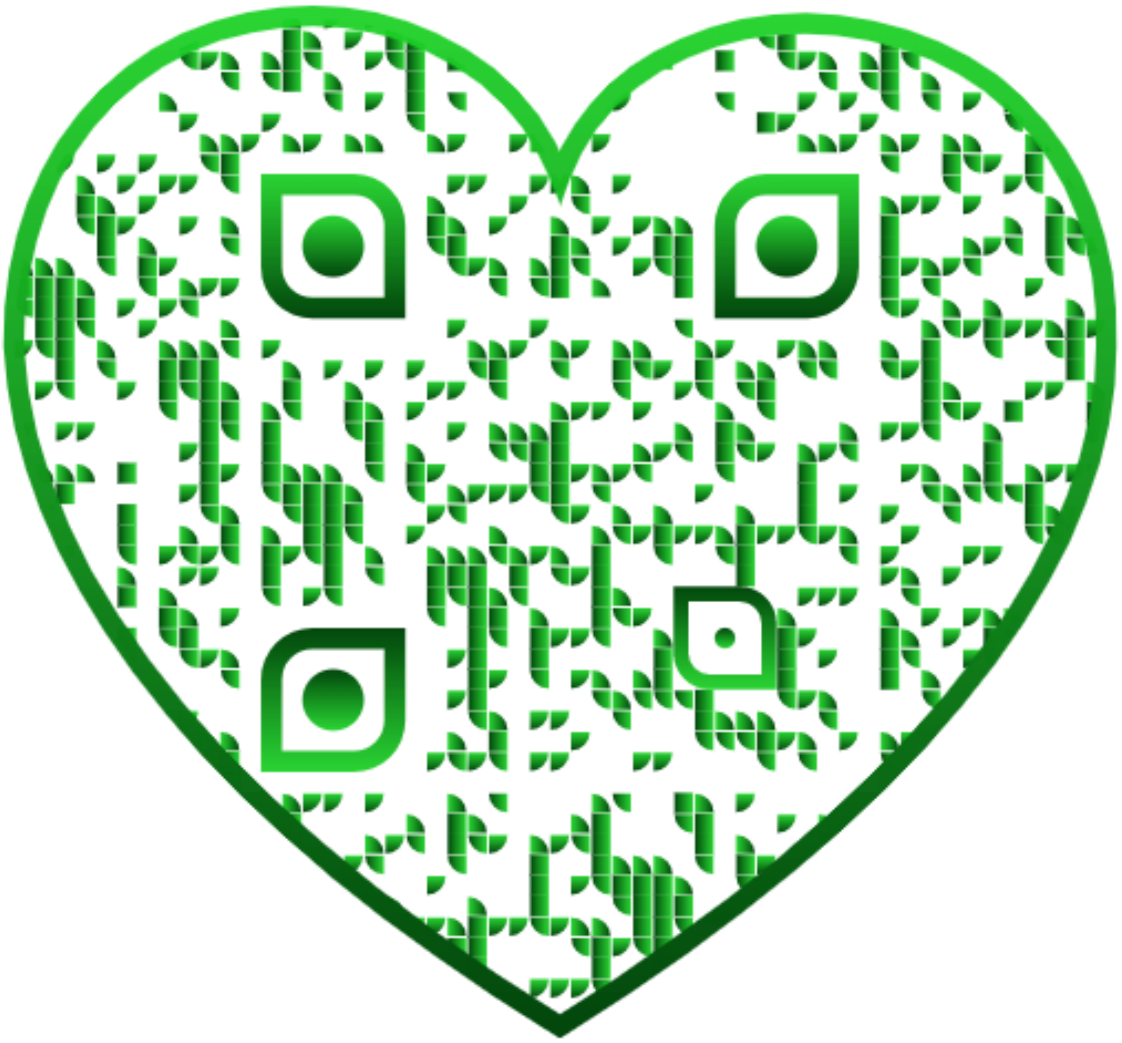
No 119 May 1-14 85p/$2.50

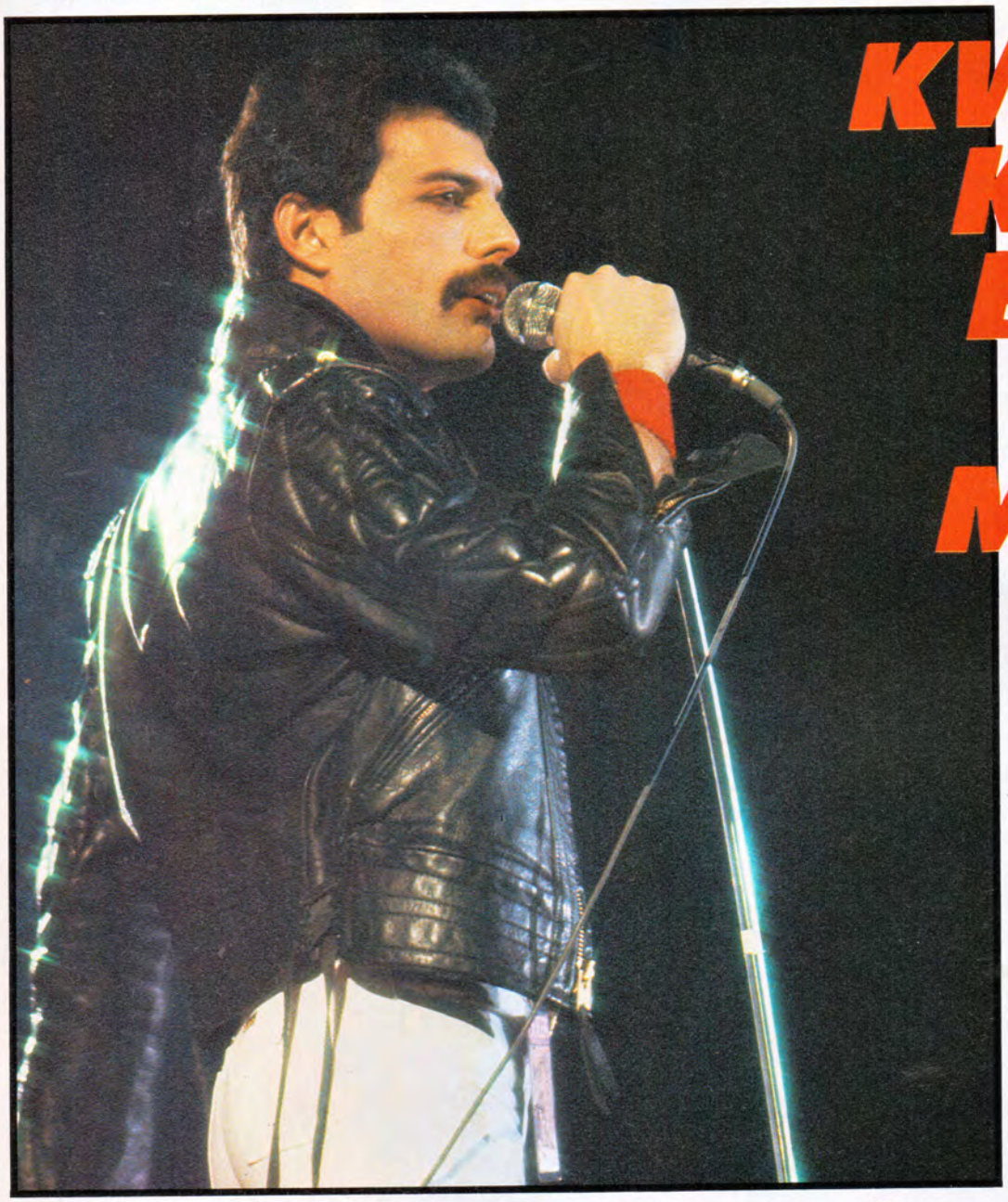
DIO

Back On The Trail Of The UK Grail

DIRE STRAITS
STRANGEWAYS
AEROSMITH
BON JOVI
CHARIOT
AC/DC
UFO

RONNIE JAMES DIO: pic Ross Halfin





KWEEN KOME BACK FOR MORE

■ **QUEEN** (**FREDDIE MERCURY** pictured left) have added the the following dates to their previously announced shows: **Newcastle St. James Park** July 9, **Manchester Maine Road Football Ground** 16. **Status Quo** will appear as special guests at both concerts, with **INXS** added to the bill for the Newcastle gig.

Tickets for St. James Park are on sale now at a price of £13 and can be obtained from the venue box office plus *HMV Records* (Middlesborough/Sunderland/Glasgow), *Virgin Records* (Durham), *Pink Panther Records* (Carlisle) and the *Playhouse* (Edinburgh).

Alternatively they can be obtained by post from: **Queen Newcastle, RS Tickets, PO Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS**. A 50p booking fee will be charged and an SAE must be enclosed. Furthermore, there is a *maximum* limit of six tickets *per* person and five weeks should be allowed for cheque clearance and delivery. All cheques must be made out to **'Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Ltd'**. There is also a credit card hotline contactable on: **01 748 1414.**

Tickets for the Maine Road date are priced at £13.50 (incl. a 50p booking fee) and can be obtained by post from: **Kennedy Street Enterprises, PO Box 4, Altrincham, Cheshire WA14 2JQ.**

The same conditions apply as above and all cheques should be made payable to **'Kennedy Street Enterprises'**. The same credit hotline facility also exists for this show as for Newcastle.

■ **ROUGH CUTT** are presently working on their second, as yet untitled, album with producer **Jack Douglas** at *One On One* and *Crystal Studios* in Los Angeles.

The LP, which should be out later this year on the *Warner Brothers* label, should include numbers such as **'Hot And Heavy'**, **'Take A Chance'** and **'My Heart Cries Out For You'**.

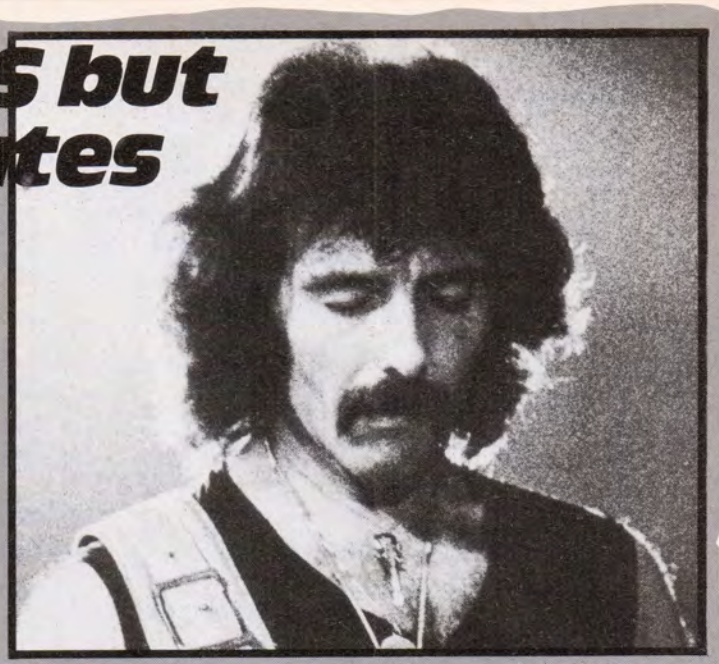
Foundation of Empire

■ *GUITARIST* ***PAUL SAMSON*** *has put together a new outfit under the monicker of* ***Paul Samson's Empire.***

The new band are (pictured left, l-r): ***Dave Colwell*** *(guitar/keyboards – previously with* ***Samson*** *and* ***The New Torpedos****),* ***Mark Brabbs*** *(drums – formerly with* ***Tank*** *and* ***Dumpy's Rusty Nuts****),* Samson, ***Kevin Riddles*** *(bass/synthesisers – ex-****Angel Witch*** *and* ***Tytan****) and* ***Sam Blue*** *(lead vocals – previously with* ***Emerson****).*

The quintet will be playing the following shows during May: ***Dudley Jinx*** *May 15,* ***Leeds Adam & Eves*** *22,* ***Birkenhead Stairways*** *24,* ***Stoke-On-Trent Shelley's*** *26,* ***London Marquee Club*** *29.*

Sabs cancel in US but announce UK dates



■ ***BLACK SABBATH*** *(guitarist* ***Tony Iommi*** *pictured right) have cancelled their US tour, apparently due to disappointing ticket sales. And one result of this is that* Kerrang! *cannot now take a lucky reader to the States to see the band perform live.*

If you remember, we announced an exclusive competition in issue 117, the prize for which was the chance to go to a Black Sabbath date in Texas during late April. A veritable deluge of entries has arrived at our offices and we hope that all entrants will understand that the decision to cancel the Sabs' American concerts was, obviously, out of both our hands and also those the band's record company Vertigo, *who were going to finance the trip.*

However, we are holding onto all entries and will be announcing an alternative prize as soon as possible. Watch out for details.

In the meantime, the band have announced a series of British dates for May/June as follows: ***Sheffield City Hall*** *May 21,* ***Liverpool Empire*** *22,* ***Manchester Apollo*** *24,* ***Birmingham Odeon*** *25,* ***Bristol Hippodrome*** *26,* ***Leicester De Montford Hall*** *27,* ***Edinburgh Playhouse*** *29,* ***Newcastle-Upon-Tyne City Hall*** *30.* ***Hammersmith Odeon*** *June 1/2,* ***Poole Arts Centre*** *3,* ***Nottingham Royal Centre*** *4.*

All tickets are prices at £6.50/£5.50, except for Hammersmith and Bristol, where they are £7/£6, and Poole (£6).

■ **YNGWIE J. MALMSTEEN'S RISING FORCE** are now back in a West Los Angeles studio recording a follow-up to their '**Marching Out**' LP released last year. The band began work at *Village Recorders* on April 1 and the upcoming album, tentatively titled '**Trilogy**', is being co-produced by Malmsteen and **Rick Delena**, whose previous credits included **Giuffria** and **Jeff Beck**. The LP should be complete by early June, though no release date on *Polydor* has yet been set.

■ *POLYGRAM VIDEOS* issue '**Ozzy Osbourne – Bark At The Moon**' on May 8. Recorded at the *Salt Palace* in Salt Lake City during Ozzy's 1984 US tour, it features the following tracks: '**Ozzy**' (intro), '**I Don't Know**', '**Mr Crowley**', '**Rock & Roll Rebel**', '**Bark At The Moon**', '**Revelation (Mother Earth)**', '**Steal Away The Night**', '**Suicide Solution**', '**Forever (City Of Eternity)**', '**Flying High Again**', '**Iron Man**', '**Crazy Train**', '**Paranoid**' and '**So Tired**'.

The cassette has a running time of 75 minutes and is available in both VHS/Betamax formats.

Ozzy's band at the time featured **Jake E. Lee** (lead guitar), **Tommy Aldridge** (drums), **Bob Daisley** (bass) and **Don Airey** (keyboards).

Kiss pull Donington

■ **KISS** (**GENE SIMMONS** pictured left) have now cancelled their plans to play at the 1986 Castle Donington Festival on August 16. After much deliberation, the band eventually agreed to appear at the event, accepting an offer of the 'Special Guest' position behind headliner **Ozzy**, with other European shows also pencilled in. Latest word, however, is that plans to record the next album have had to be advanced, meaning that the band will not now be playing *any* European shows this year.

As far as the aforementioned album goes, the quartet are intending to work in a New York studio with a 'big name' producer (something they haven't done in quite a while), hoping to have everything complete by November and a record in the stores by February '87.

Peace be with you

■ ***MEGADETH*** *(****DAVE MUSTAINE*** *pictured below) have just completed work on their second album. Titled* ***'Peace Sells . . . But Who's Buying?'****, it was produced by* ***Randy Burns*** *at* Music Grinder Studios *in Los Angeles and is likely to be issued by the* Combat *label (US)/*Music For Nations *(UK) during the early Summer.*

■ **ALCATRAZZ**, WHO have recruited former **Alice Cooper/ Rod Stewart/Axis** guitarist **Danny Johnson** to replace **Steve Vai** (who's now working with **Dave Lee Roth**), are currently at work on their third album with producer **Richie Polodor**/ engineer **Bill Cooper** at *American Recording Studios* in Los Angeles. Tentatively titled '**Dangerous Games**', the LP should be out on the *Capitol* label later this year.

■ **TRIUMPH** ARE currently working with producer **Ron Nevison** in Los Angeles on their latest studio album. As yet untitled, it should be out later this year on the *MCA* label.

■ *MUSIC FOR NATIONS* have just issued a double compilation album under the title of '**Beyond Metal Zone**'. The full track listing is:

Side One: '**When Midnight Comes**' (**Surgin**), '**Holocaust**' (**Savatage**), '**Waiting**' (**Tygers Of Pan Tang**) and '**Fugitive**' (**Legs Diamond**).

Side Two: '**Disposable Heroes**' (**Metallica**), '**Over You**' (**Baby Tuckoo**) and '**Lyin' In A Bed Of Fire**' (**Eric Martin**).

Side Three: '**Hang 'Em High**' (**Waysted**), '**The Last Time**' (**Robin Trower**) and '**Break Down The Walls**' (**Exciter**).

Side Four: '**Shy Girl**' (**Rio**), '**Burning At The Speed Of Light**' (**Thrasher**), '**Rock The Night Away**' (**Sugarcreek**) and '**Turn To Stone**' (**Legs Diamond**).

Sin city

■ *GERMAN ACT* ***Sinner*** *(****bassist Mat Sinner*** *above) have recruited guitarist* ***Mathias Dieth*** *(previously with* ***Gravestone****) and* ***Chris Gerhard*** *(formerly with* ***Mad Max****). The band begin work on a new album later this month with producer* ***Chris Tsangarides*** *at* Horus Sound Studios *in Hannover, with the mixing likely to take place at* Battery Studios *in London.*

The LP is tentatively titled ***'Comin' Out Fighting'*** *and should feature the following tracks:* ***'Germany Rocks'****,* ***'Lost In A Minute'****,* ***'Comin' Out Fighting'****,* ***'Shot In The Dark'****,* ***'Don't Tell Me (That The Love Is Gone)'****,* ***'Madhouse'****,* ***'Age Of Rock'****,* ***'Screamin''****,* ***'Playing With Fire'*** *and* ***'Waiting For An Alibi'*** *(a cover of the* ***Thin Lizzy*** *number). It should be out through* Noise International *during August.*

MORE MAYHEM OVER PAGE

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

■ **POSSESSED** ARE currently working on a new album with producer **Carl Canedy** at *Prairie Sun Studios* in North California. As yet untitled, it's expected to be issued through *Combat* in the US during the near future.

The same label will also be issuing the second album from **Impaler** during the next couple of months. Titled **'If We Had Brains, We'd Be Dangerous'**, it was produced by **Husker Du** band member **Bill Mould**.

■ NORTH EASTERN act **Avenger** have replaced drummer **Gary Young** with American skinsman **Darren Kurland**. The band are currently on tour in the US, but are expected to return to the UK soon to begin work on their third album.

■ **THE GRIP** are expected to begin work on their debut album in the near future. Although no details have yet been announced concerning the LP's title or who will handle the production, it's likely to be issued through their own label during the Summer and should include the following tracks: **'Crush On You'**, **'We Don't Want It'**, **'Two Hearts'**, **'Tension'** and **'Old, Getting Older'**.

Initial pressings of the album will probably include a free computer game depicting Grip graphics, the history of the trio, personal profiles plus the actual game.

In the meantime, the band will be playing the following dates:

Melbourne Rock Club May 16, **Sutton-In-Ashfield Golden Diamond Club** 17, **Cheltenham Eves Night Club** 21, **Shepherds Bush The Wellington** 22, **Letchworth Plinston Hall** 23, **Burton-On-Trent Central Park** 24.

■ *BLACK DRAGON RECORDS* has now started an offshoot label called *High Dragon*, which is likely to feature less hardcore acts than its Heavy Metal parent company. The first album release on this new label will be **'Across The Water'** from Welsh act **Kooga**, due out imminently. For full details of this LP see *Mayhem* issue 110.

■ WELSH ACT **Gladiator** have added guitarist **Wayne 'Woozy' Woosnem** to their line-up. The now-expanded band intend to record an EP in the near future.

■ A NEW HM act has been formed in the Shetlands under the name of **Arrowhead**. The band's line-up is **Michael Leask** (screaming/rhythm guitar), **David Leask** (shouting/lead guitar), **Kevin Adamson** (bass/backing vocals) and **John Johnson** (drums).

■ LANCASHIRE ACT **Enforcer** have recruited former **BVK** drummer **David Bradburn** as lead vocalist to replace **Eddie**.

■ YORKSHIRE ACT **Eazy Street** have split up and drummer **Mick Castle** is now seeking a position with a 'classy rock or Metal band'. Interested parties can contact him on: **0756 5362**.

Driving Force

■ ***MOTÖRHEAD*** *(Würzel above) issue their first studio album since* ***'Another Perfect Day'*** *over three years ago through the newly formed* GWR *label on June 13. Titled* ***'Riding With The Driver'****, it was produced by* ***Bill Laswell****, with the basic recording taking place at* Master Rock *(a new 48-track studio in Kilburn, London) and the mixing at the* Powerstation *in New York.*

As yet, the full track listing hasn't been confirmed, however among those numbers set to appear on vinyl are: ***'Orgasmatron'****,* ***'Deaf Forever'****,* ***'Ain't My Crime'****,* ***'Claw'****,* ***'Built For Speed'****,* ***'Nothing Up My Sleeve'****,* ***'Mean Machine'*** *and* ***'Riding With The Driver'****. A single will be lifted from the LP, although there's been no confirmation on either the song scheduled nor its release date. It's likely, though, that the B-side of any single will feature one or more live cuts recorded last year at the* Hammersmith Odeon *during the band's tenth anniversary shows.*

In the meantime, GWR*'s other act* ***Girlschool*** *are busy preparing their latest album with producer* ***Vic Maile*** *at* Jacksons Studios *in Buckinghamshire. Maile, of course, was responsible for the production of the very first couple of albums from the girls, namely* ***'Demolition'*** *plus* ***'Hit & Run'****. As yet, no release date or title have been announced for this LP.*

MORE* MAYHEM *PAGE 6

GREAT KERRANG! ALBUM OFFER

THE *KERRANG!* Kompilation Album is now available by mail order! That's right, readerz – if you missed out on this dynamite double LP, here's another chance to enhance your rekord kollection!

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FROM PAGE 4

Wanted men!

Pic Ray Palmer

■ ***BON JOVI*** *(**Jon Bon Jovi** pictured top right with **Richie Sambora**) are currently recording their third album at* Little Mountain Studios *in Vancouver, Canada. Titled '**Wanted Dead Or Alive**' and likely to be released sometime this Summer on the* Vertigo *label in the UK, production is being handled by **Bruce Fairbairn** whose previously worked with **Loverboy**, **Blue Öyster Cult**, **Honeymoon Suite** and **Black 'N Blue**. He sat at the helm for the second B 'N B LP, '**Without Love**', and although the record didn't exactly threaten the ozone layer it did* sound *good; indeed, according to Jon – Bon Jovi frontman and* Kerrang! *'s top male sex objekt of 1985 ("I bet **Lemmy** was really upset!") – it has more clout than the compact disc of the last Bon Jovi album, '**7800° Fahrenheit**'! Which says a lot for Fairbairn and not too much for 'Fat' **Lance Quinn**, who produced '7800° . . .'*

Certainly, Jon wasn't happy with the sound of the record, explaining that Quinn had "too much work on his shoulders at the time" and that the band had rushed through recording with an important tour already booked and waiting, but this time around the production should do the East Coast troupe a few more favours – even though Fairbairn wasn't actually their first choice.

*"Nah, we wanted '**Mutt**' **Lange**," says Jon laughing, and certainly there's no harm in going all out for the best; you may not always get it, but chances are you'll still end up with something or* someone *pretty good. Bon Jovi have, no question, the plan now being to lay down 13 tracks of original material then lick off the cream for the album. Simple in theory, but in practise . . . well, it could be a hard choice to make as Jon has a good deal of faith in* all *the material that he and guitarist Sambora have come up with. Something will clearly have to go, but those songs that don't wind up on vinyl will probably be offered to other artists, such as **John Waite**, **Cyndi Lauper** and **Tina Turner**.*

The band have worked very hard on the songs this time, going through an intense period of pre-production. They aren't disappointed with past achievements, after all '7800° . . .' sold twice as many copies as their first LP, flawed production or not, but they do *feel that all the time spent on the road has elevated them to a new, more comfortable level. Certainly, Jon is confident that his writing has improved, speaking proudly of the new album's title track, a "cowboy song" with a **Bad Company** feel, and the likely first single '**You Give Love A Bad Name**', which "you can tap your foot to all the way through.*

*"I was pretty miserable when I did those first two albums, but you'll find none of my 'pyscho killer' lyrics here. I feel good about the band at this point. There is a song on the record called '**I'd Die For You**', but it's uptempo, like '**Runaway**' . . ."*

Once the record is complete the band will pack-up their new image ("1986 cowboys", apparently, "more down-to-earth") and head out on tour, starting in Alaska (!) then moving on to Japan (for a possible Budokan *show), Europe and America. According to Jon, we on this side of the Atlantic can expect some two weeks worth of dates and maybe some festival appearances too, and if the album is "as good as we think it will be" the BJs will headline everywhere (festivals excepted).*

*We'll have to wait and see about that, but one thing's for certain – 'Wanted . . .' won't contain anything along the lines of '**She Don't Know Me**'.*

"I just can't relate to that song anymore," says Jon, "I want this album to sound more the way we are live. *I've told Bruce to approach the backing vocals as though me and **Little Steven** are singing everything!"*

DANTE BONUTTO

SHADES

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NEW RELEASES

'Great White	Shot In The Dark	£8.99
Journey	Raised On Radio (no news on UK)	£8.99
38 Special	Strength In Numbers	£8.99
Voi Void	RRROOOAAARRR	£5.99
Razor	New LP (due end May)	£5.99
Piledriver	Stay Ugly	£5.99
Sodom	Obsessed By Cruelty (due any second)	£5.99
Poison	Look What The Cat Dragged In (the big one – 'phone to check on UK release)	£8.99
TKO	Below The Belt	£5.99
Tony Macalpine	Edge Of Insanity (Guitar Hero – instrumental like 1st R/Force LP)	£5.99
Lion	Power Love (immense class rock)	£10.99
Silver Mountain	Live In Japan '85	£13.99
Europe	The Final Countdown (phone for price)	
Mercyful Fate	Live From The Depths Of Hell	£4.99
Mercyful Fate	Curse Of The Pharoahs (early demos/unreleased songs)	£4.99
Hear 'N' Aid	Compilation	£5.49
Giuffria	Silk And Steel	£8.99
Bulldozer	The Final Separation (Venom clones)	£5.99
Vow Wow	III (truly excellent guitar/ keyboards)	£13.99
Loüdness	Shadows Of War (brand new studio LP)	£13.99
	Same	£8.99
G.T.R.	Live At The Budokan	£13.99
Earthshaker	Dead By Christmas (double LP	
Hanoi Rocks	including obscurities)	£5.99
Paul Samson	Joint Forces	£4.99
Cinderella	1st (soon – in AC/DC mould)	£8.99
Device	'22×3'	£8.99
Jim Dandy	The Black Attack Is Back	£5.49
Guitar Pete's Axe	Nightmare (much better than 1st	
Attack	LP)	£8.99
Forever	1st	£5.49
Warhead	The Day After (speed – very good)	£5.99
Lizzy Borden	Double Live (recommended – great band)	£8.99
Détente	Recognise No Authority	£5.99
The Beast	The Beast Has Arrived	£8.99
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Anthem	Tightrope	£13.99
Sound Barrier	Speed Of Light	£8.99
Action	Warning In the Night	£13.99
White Sister	Dancing On Midnight	£5.49
	YES, the BIG ONE – we have the tape – it is immense, but sadly its delayed until JUNE	
Vengeance	We Have Ways To Make You Rock (very strong power rock – good songs)	£6.99
Knightmare	II – Mini LP	£6.99
Jinx	Stand Up For Rock 'N' Roll Power (excellent heavy but catchy French Metal)	£5.99
Aftermath	Straight From Hell	£7.99
Battleaxe	We're On The Attack (US band)	£8.99
Ronnie Montrose	Territory	£8.99
Headhunter	Same	£5.99
Impaler	If We Had Brains, We'd Be Dangerous (May)	£8.99
Helstar	Remnants Of War (May)	£8.99

COMING SOON: LPs FROM
Savatage, Def Leppard, Michael Bolton, Motörhead, ELP, T.T. Quick, Celtic Frost, Death Dealer, Iron Angel, Holy Moses, Nuclear Assault, Warfare, Venom (Double Live)

VIDEOS FROM:
Kiss, Bon Jovi, Rush, Rainbow

RICK SANFORD – VOCALIST WITH THE LEGENDARY LEGS DIAMOND WILL BE MAKING AN APPEARANCE AT *SHADES* ON SAT MAY 3rd. PHONE FOR FURTHER DETAILS

PHONE FOR DETAILS OF UPCOMING SIGNINGS. HOTLINE PLEASE

MORE NEW RELEASES (Pre-order now)

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Hellcats	On The Skyway (virtually a Starz reunion)	£8.99
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Rising Force		
Grim Reaper	Rock You In Hell	£4.99
Alcatrazz	Dangerous Games (phone for details)	

DUE MAY/JUNE

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Speed Metal	Hell Volume 2	£8.99
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Winterhawk	Voyagers Hiding In Time	£8.99
Sacrilege	1st LP (US band)	£8.99
Mayhem	Burned Alive	£8.99

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Kreator	Pleasure To Kill	£5.99
Backwater	Final Strike (OTT Thrash)	£5.99
Accept	Russian Roulette	£5.99
Whitelion	Fight To Survive (back in stock · no Euro release)	£13.99
Kooga	Across The Water (superb classic British band)	£5.99
Hells Belles	1st	£4.99
Kiss	Hotter Than Metal (live material – previously released)	£3.99
Keel	The Final Frontier (brilliant)	£5.49
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Touched	Death Row	£4.99
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Anthem	1st (English vocals)	£5.99
Eden	1st (immense guitar)	£8.99
David Chastain's CJSS	World Gone Mad	£5.99
United Nations	1st	£5.49
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Rock In A Hard Place	£4.99
Done With Mirrors	£5.49
Classics Live	£6.99

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Rock And Roll Machine (US original) (includes tracks unavailable anywhere else)	£6.99
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Allied Forces	£6.99
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Stages	£7.99

BACK FROM THE DEAD

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Streets	1st	£5.99
Alcatrazz	Live Sentence	£13.99

CHEAP(ISH)

Survivor	Premonition	£3.99
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Sugarcreek	Rock The Night Away	£4.99
Shakin Street	Vampire Rock	£3.99
Raven	The Pack Is Back	£3.99
Brainfever	Capture The Night	£3.99
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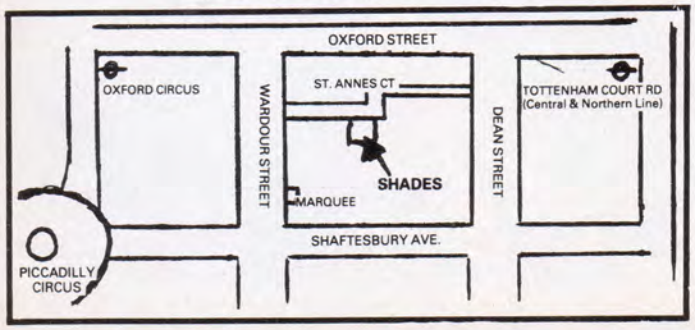

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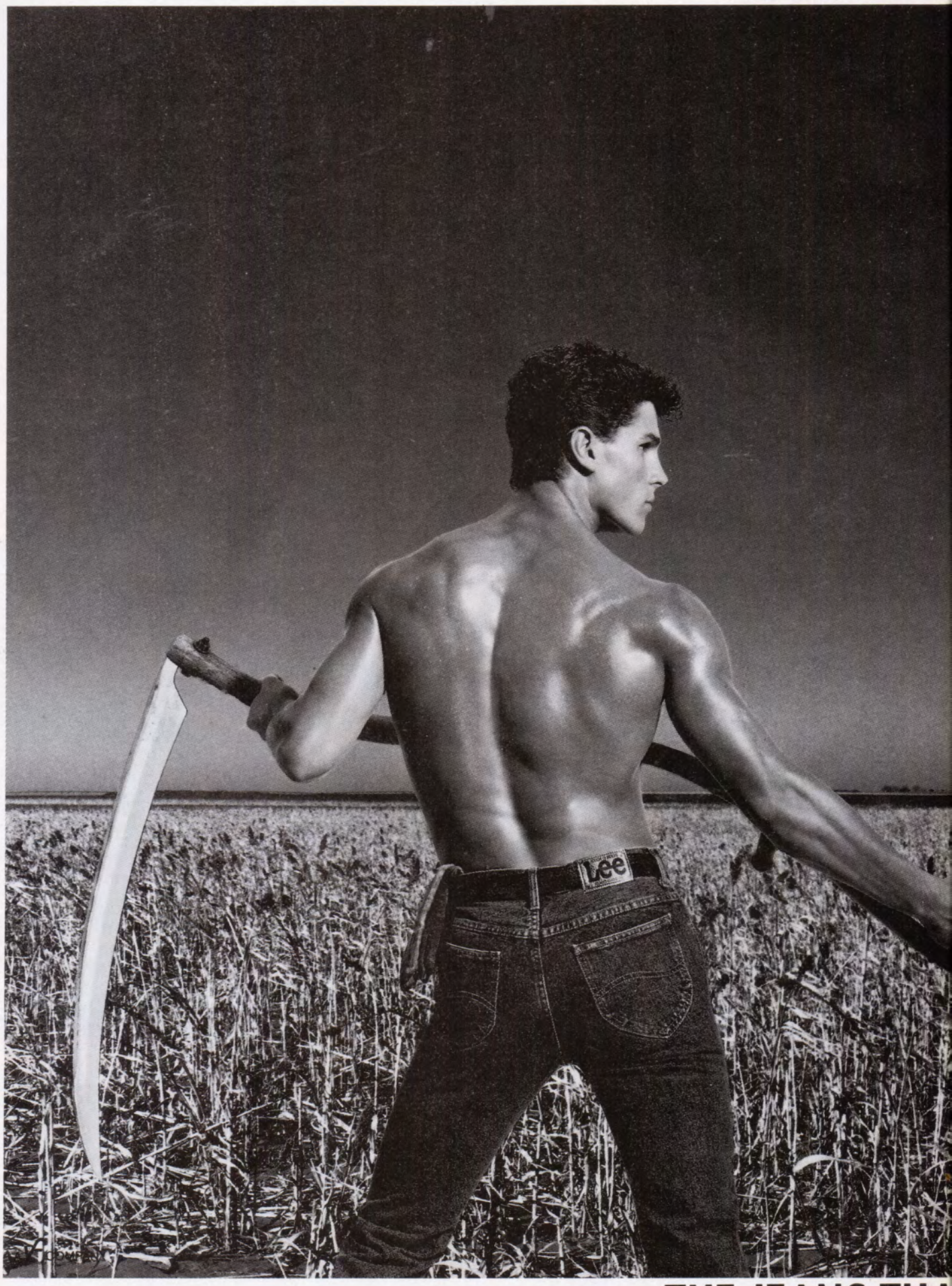

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THE YOUNG ONE

'Down under wunders' AC/DC have a new single, 'Who Made Who', available any day now, and the video shot to accompany it (see scenes on right) is a scream! Jumpin' DANTE BONUTTO hops onto the phone line for a chat with band 'Kerrangaroo' ANGUS YOUNG

IN CASE any of you out there are wondering, I do have *one* saving grace. Just ask Brian Johnson. On our last (and first) meeting the AC/DC frontman, who I won't refer to as 'Beano' cos I know he doesn't like it, paid me what appeared to be a compliment. That's how I took it anyway, and sitting right beside him, fronted by a broad boomerang of a grin, was Angus Young, hair growing longer almost by the second and those hot-wired hamstrings for once covered up and calm. No *Gibson SG,* no cannon an' bell, no problem (child) . . . no *sweat.* Which isn't what I'd expected.

I'm sure that Brian, Angus, brother Malcolm, Cliff Williams and Simon Wright, the AC/DC personnel, won't be rocked back onto their heels in amazement when I mention that, in media circles at least, they have a reputation for being 'difficult', for not playing the game. It crumbles like this: Ted Nugent, Dave Lee Roth, Dee Snider, such folk and their ilk are generally regarded as dream interviewees, larger-than-life Lotharios who need no more than the merest of prompts on a current album or tour to fill a *TDK D90* with non-stop tales of scandal and sensation.

They occupy one end of the spectrum. At the other, jostling elbows with Trappist monks, speak-your-weight machines, Yngwie Malmsteen, silent movie stars and drummers with solo albums to promote stand AC/DC, that well-known island fortress.

Choosy, cautious and generally incommunicado, *Kerrang!* has long had trouble trying to pinch more than an inch of the band's prickly outer shell. As long as I can remember the two parties have held each other at a suspicious arm's length, some kind of a breakthrough finally occurring when the down under wunders declared themselves in league with the Part Rock Management company also involved with Gary Moore and Fastway.

A trip to see some 'DC dates in America was proposed and Mark Putterford selected to go forth with white flag to break some ice, a man who a couple of years earlier had boarded a northbound train to catch the band in UK rehearsal only to be pulled off at the final whistle by a puffin' record company person brimful with excuses. For *Kerrang!* types, this particular area remained sadly 'no go'.

BUT THOSE were the bad old days, thorn-encrusted and problem-packed; let's hear it now for a new era, with co-operation and consent at last tipping the tongue. When the Pottingshed returned home from the States, his cheeks were still flushed from the warmth of his welcome; he'd parted from the band with a thinly disguised tear, brushing away the salt just long enough to pen a front cover feature (issue 111), described by a smitten, and possibly illiterate reader, some three issues later as *'the best interview I've ever read'.*

Certainly, it whetted the appetite nicely for the group's forthcoming UK tour, in the course of which they decisively bolstered a flagging reputation with some cracking live performances. Nothing new, it's true, no change of garb for the impish Angus (socks and underwear possibly excepted) and no change of approach for the outfit as a whole. But what the five do they do very well indeed, and by not chopping an' changing have been able to slot consistently into a professional no-punches-pulled attacking groove. When the cannons went off at *Wembley Arena* they shook loose the plaster on the ceiling of the outside bar, proving that when AC/DC take the stage there's no place to hide and no drink stiff enough to protect the senses.

Looking to the future, the band would certainly like to play some US shows this Summer and return for more European dates before the end of the year, depending on how long their next album takes to record. At this point I wouldn't like to speculate on that one, so best just to get on and enjoy the new single, 'Who Made Who', poised for release on the *Atlantic* label . . . and given a half-hearted review in this very issue. PAH! Dave Dickson, I empty my fish-tank in your general direction. Trust me, readers, 'Who Made Who' is another prime commercial rocker in the style that AC/DC have made pretty much their own, real *stomp*-me-and-buy-one stuff, backed by a live rendition of 'Guns For Hire' that has you ducking behind the sandbags as all manner of heavy ammo explodes around your ears.

A great version of the song, and indeed it's out on the boards that the band seem at their most relaxed. They may feel a little ill-at-ease in the media spotlight, having no outsize egos to support and not suffering fools or foolish questions gladly, but put them on a stage – any stage, anywhere – and they'll make all the points that need to be made – with a vengeance! What more need be said?

Well, perhaps just *this.* Let me state here an' now for the record that AC/DC do indeed have a sense of humour. It may not be immediately obvious to all, but then again I've always enjoyed a laugh, a joke (and a curry) with Manowar – also misunderstood – so maybe my funny bone is a touch more sensitive than most, who knows? Still, don't just take *my* word for it, not when I've got an early morning Angus on the phone from Sydney, Australia, home of the koala, the kobber and the kerrangaroo . . .

"I think it's very important to have a good sense of humour," the slow, laconic drawl struggles through the ether, "it can all get a bit painful with the business side of things so you need to have a joker in the band. We've got Brian Johnson."

The David Mallet-directed video that accompanies 'Who Made Who' is indeed anything but stuffed-shirt fodder, as the 'Crazy' George Bodnar pictures here (and back in issue 116) clearly show; the small-yet-perfectly-formed Angus finds himself kloned by alien beings in Gal Glitter cast-offs and a whole host of AC/DC fans find themselves with the chance to dress up like their hero and perform for the cameras in his shadow – also small-yet-perfectly formed. Kind of like an HM 'Jim'll Fix It', guys and gals!

Once again, Putting-Green was the *Kerrang!* man on location (the *Brixton Academy* in London – no jet-setting this time), journalistic cool naturally preventing him from getting too caught up in affairs . . . *apparently.* He claims to have been on spotlight duty for most of the day, though I reckon his dimpled knees loom large on the screen on more than one occasion, specially shaved to allow for a smoother, more streamlined action. Anyway, whatever he did it was clearly thirsty work, right Mark (hic)?

THE BACKGROUND to the single has been covered at length in previous issues, so suffice it to say here that it's taken from the soundtrack to a new movie called 'Overdrive', the first film to be directed by famed horror author – and rampant AC/DC fan – Stephen King, who also wrote the screenplay. Six other AC/DC tracks will also appear on the soundtrack, *and* the soundtrack album, all of them previously released, along with some incidental music likewise penned by the band. 'Overdrive' is set to open in America on July 4 and should be out in the UK sometime around the Autumn.

Angus and Co were actually out on the road when King approached them to get involved with the project, but they managed to fit the recording work required into a short break in their schedule, Harry Vanda and George Young (the original AC/DC production team – the latter being Angus and Malcolm's elder brother) taking charge of things in the studio. The band always have an abundance of new material just itching to find a home, so the writing side was no real problem; King handed over a copy of the script and Malcolm found a light-bulb instantly flashing above his head, setting to work straight away without seeing any of the footage.

Indeed, at the time I spoke to Angus he hadn't seen the finished product either, just a roughly cut version, though the "sci-fi cum horror" plot (machines turning into killers, *etc*) didn't seem to have filled him with a great deal of enthusiasm. Still, at least the music is up to scratch . . .

"I always think that we did the *great* rock tunes when we worked with my brother. I like what we did with him better than the stuff we did with 'Mutt' (Lange, producer of the 'Highway To Hell', 'Back In Black' and 'For Those About To Rock' albums). 'Mutt' was very conscious of what was popular in America, but with my brother . . . if it was a rock 'n' roll song he made sure it *rocked!"*

Not surprisingly, it's possible that ex-Easybeats Vanda and Young will continue working with the band for their next album, which may be recorded at a studio in Europe rather than Compass Point in Nassau where 'Who Made Who' was coaxed into life. Interesting indeed. Who knows, the return of the Young Ones as a team might even spawn another 'Whole Lotta Rosie', a track on the 'Let There Be Rock' LP (1977) and probably the best-loved AC/DC number *ever,* with the late Bon Scott (Brian Johnson's candle-burnin' predecessor) excelling himself in the lyric department.

"That song was actually about a Tasmanian girl who Bon met once; he said she was *huge,* about the size of a football pitch! We were staying at a seedy little hotel in Melbourne, Australia, we'd just started out, and when Bon left the place this girl shouted 'BON SCOTT!!' and grabbed him.

"She had a friend with her and they took him home with them, at which point she told him about all the people she'd slept with. 'I've been with 28 this month,' she said, before throwing Bon into the bedroom where they had a drink and a pretty wild night. Next morning, thinking Bon was asleep, she leaned across to her friend in the opposite bed and said, *'29!'*

"Actually, we saw her again in Hobart when we visited Tasmania, but she'd lost a lot of weight by then and Bon was very disappointed. She knew the song was about her, though, and she took it as a compliment!"

WHICH BRINGS us nicely full circle. Back to the start. Time at last for *my* compliment courtesy of Brian Johnson . . .

"Lad," he said, raising his cap to scratch his head, "I'll say wun thing for ya, ya dun't drivel!" Just that.

BUILDING THE PERFECT BEAST: Angus goes for the early bath (main pic) and attempts poor Phil Mogg impression (below). No, no, next time use a bucket!

Pix George Bodnar

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MOB RULE

LEGS DIAMOND
'Land Of The Gun'
(Music For Nations MFN 59)
KKKKK

AS FAR as I'm concerned, there's only one way to slide easily through life and that's to own the entire works of Legs Diamond. Don't ask me how or why, but around this band is an endearing spirit, a feeling of purpose, which must arise from the fact that they've never recorded a note of music that could be regarded as wasteful or inferior.

It's perhaps equally truthful to say that the great majority of their admittedly limited work over the last decade or so has effectively surpassed even that of the true giants of the *genre*. From Journey to Deep Purple and all points inbetween, Legs Diamond have more than adequately stamped their superiority over the competition with the delicacy of a size 13 steel toe-capped *Doctor Marten* boot. The only thing they've been short of is luck, damn it!

A full two years after the release of their stupendous (perhaps most memorable) statement, 'Out On Bail', this new LP shows that LD have matured to a point where they no longer care about blatant commerciality; instead, they've opted to play their *own* game by their *own* rules. If it wasn't for the fact that they are brilliant musicians and ace chaps, this dextrous scene shift could easily have backfired with ridiculous results because, to be very honest, the variety of styles here is dangerously obtuse.

As it is, however, the diversification of rhythms and textures proves conclusively that no matter what mood they decide to shift into the end result is always justifiable and perfectly satisfactory.

Vocalist Rick Sanford has really excelled himself this time around. Soaring high above and beyond the call of duty, his distinctive voice (now fully matured) lends itself perfectly to every phrase, whisper and yelp. Just listen to 'Turn To Stone' (reminiscent of earlier work *circa* 1978) where he turns a reasonably good song into a peerless classic.

The other unsung hero of the LD renaissance is writer/keyboard player Michael Prince who has come up with a neat and flexible selection of songs. From fast rockers like 'Waitin' For The Nite' and 'Steal A Heart' to melodramatic moody pieces best exemplified by the rock pretty title toon 'Land Of The Gun', it's certainly Prince who's fully in charge of the Legs Diamond steering wheel. His keyboard contributions are the icing on all the tracks; somehow he always delivers the perfect fill.

And then there's the guitar stars; Jim May on six strings and Mike Christie on bass. Interestingly, these two work in the same fashion as Free's Paul Kossoff and Andy Fraser, Christie supplying the counter melody to May's spiral chopping.

Consistency is the message, though the variety of the material might leave you a little off-centre. Check out the swaggering keyboard playing on 'My Own Game', the anthemic traditionalism of 'Falling In Love' and the mighty roar of 'Waitin' For The Nite' as it pauses before slam-divin' back into the riff. And *Side Two* kicks up a storm as well, with the power-packed 'Rock Doktor' and the superbly atmospheric 'Raggedy Man' (listen out for the clinking sound of hammer on metal).

The best Legs Diamond LP so far? That's a tall order; all I can say for certain is that this album is another prime slice of action from a much overlooked colossus of a band who really ought to be much, much bigger than the cult status they've commanded for so many years.

Brilliant. DEREK OLIVER

VARIOUS ARTISTS
'Masters Of Metal'
(Powersaw Records NE 1 295)
K

DIAMOND HEAD
'Behold The Beginning'
(Metal Masters METALP 110
KKK¾

I'M NOT known for pussy-footin' about when it comes to reviewz, so I'll tell ya straight away that 'Masters Of Metal' is the vinyl equivalent of a pile of pigeon crap on your newly polished windscreen. Honestly, I really can't see how you could even be tempted to buy this trash, kidz, especially as any real Metal fan will already have *at least* 80 per cent of the material on display. Indeed, the only good use this cheap'n'nasty compilation could be put to (apart from as a cat-litter tray), is as an introduction to the Metal *genre* for someone who knows nowt about it but is willing to learn, as it does contain a reasonably good balance of material. But other than that. . .?

Still, the least I can do is list the bands and trax on offer, and let you make up your own minds as to whether or not it's worth coughing up for. (But be warned: some of these trax have been edited).

Ready? Let's go: 'The Trooper' (Iron Maiden)/'No-One Like You' (Scorpions)/'Back On The Streets' (Gary Moore)/'Metal Daze' (Manowar)/'Deceiver' (Judas Priest)/'Fool For Your Loving' (Whitesnake)/'Stand Up And Shout' (Dio)/'Rockin' Again' (Saxon)/'In And Out Of Love' (Bon Jovi)/'Ace Of Spades' (Motörhead)/'Fast As A Shark' (Accept)/'Tragedy' (Hanoi Rocks)/ 'War Pigs' (Black Sabbath)/ 'Spirit Of Radio' (Rush).

The recycled Diamond Head material, however, is a different matter altogether. Those of you with six-year memories may recall the very dawn of the band's career and the 'Lightning To The Nations' album that they released back in '80 on their own label (*DHM Records*), selling it by mail order through *Sounds*. Ya do? Well, the aptly-named 'Behold The Beginning' is, in fact, a re-mixed and re-packaged version of that very promising debut album, with Sean Harris (vocals), Brian Tatler (guitar), Duncan Scott (drums) and Colin Kimberley (bass) belting out the kinda material that persuaded many people, myself included, to regard this lot as a possible mega-band in years to cum.

Re-mixed by Tatler in February, the album also contains Diamond Head's single of many moons ago, 'Waited Too Long', which, if memory serves me correctly, has replaced 'Am I Evil' here. But despite the one or two minor alterations, the rawness and energy of the Brummie Diamonds is still there, from 'It's Electric', 'Sweet & Innocent' and 'Streets Of Gold' to the mini-epics 'The Prince', 'Helpless' and the naughty-but-nice 'Sucking My Love'.

Sean Harris' voice was a gem even in those daze, and Brian Tatler's guitaring was the perfect match for it, as any one of these trax will testify.

Really, there's some cracking stuff here, though the production leaves a lot to be desired and some of the songs do lack a bit of 'beef'. MARK PUTTERFORD

OUTSIDE EDGE
'Running Hot'
(10 Records Dix 24)
KKKK

THERE'S A convention in the rock business concerning the compilation of albums. It holds that you always put your best two tracks at the beginning, usually the single and one other (maybe the follow-up single), while the rest of the record can be pretty much filled in as required by timing, *etc.* Now, no-one seems to have told Outside Edge (a four-piece from Birmingham) this trick-of-the-trade as they've put all their best numbers on *Side Two.* Curious.

Certainly the first side of the album (their debut for *10 Records*) contains some class material; it's just that the *really* MEGA stuff has been held for the flip. *All* of it, however, is very commercial, well produced, well arranged and generally very heartening to hear.

Maybe British rock is about to 'undergo' something of a major revival (not since the days of the great Barton-inspired New Wave Of British Heavy Metal, *etc, etc.* . . cont. page 999), stealing the best that the Americans have to offer – class musicianship, superior production, songs that sound great on the radio – then Anglicising it, roughing up the edges, putting the heart and soul back into the material and turning it into REAL rock'n'roll that you can actually care about!

Listening to the album, you can pick out the influences, specifically Rick Springfield and maybe the odd touch of Foreigner here and there – 'Heartbeat Away' and 'Louella' respectively for the two – but OE do have ideas of their own. Check out 'You', a moody, atmospheric number on *Side Two,* that benefits from Terry Manning's excellent production. And then there's 'Running Hot', a racey yet commercial rocker that should sound great backed by a stack of *Marshalls.*

I'm looking forward to seeing this lot immensely. In the meantime, check out the album; this could be the start of something BIG! DAVE DICKSON

THE ENID
'Salome'
(The Enid 10)
KK

STRANGE TO have an album which opens with the worst track, 'Salome': a thin and uneventful mixture of an over-'pained' lead vocal, multi-track, layered vocalisation blending early 10cc with the King Singers, and sparse percussive/synth instrumentation – absolutely unbearable!

'Sheets Of Blue': a snatch of Tomita's 'Snowflakes Are Dancing' for the intro, and then. . . Picture a young couple – unbelievably in love – running, hand-in-hand, slow-motion, along the beach of a deserted island, past pefectly formed palms, fronds waving to a cloudless sky, a deep blue ocean lapping lazily onto the warm, white sand as an impossibly large red/yellow sun sinks slowly beneath a horizon of. . . Need I go on? *(No!-Ed)* Then the music changes to a hippety-hoppety

KONTINUEZ OVER

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FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

'happy ever after' mood as the credits roll across the screen. The Enid's second album title describes it perfectly – 'Aerie Faerie Nonsense'. Passable if it *was* accompanied by a good 'weepie' movie but, on album, likely to appeal to incurable romantics only. (Send Barbara Cartland a copy).

Side Two is described as *'A mirror image of* Side One *and at times very bizarre – perhaps even disturbing. . . The traditional 'Dance Of The Seven Veils', euphemistically called 'The Change' in this new version of the story, is transformed into a rite of sexual magic rising to a frantic spasm of sound and rhythm and culminating in the decapitation of The Young Baptist'.*

Nothing of the sort! But you can see the thought processes: let's try a bit of tension, a drum tattoo, you know, the sort of thing that a movie usually has when the condemned man is being led to the gallows. And we can nick a few of Peter Gabriel's ideas for 'tension', like the sound of a thumb raking the blades of a comb. . . Then we can speed it up a bit, add some extraneous noises, a touch (only a *touch*, mind) of womanly moaning to imply the sexual aspect, and then climax it with a bit of discord which fades to nothing.

Finally, back to the beach. The young couple now asleep under a canopy of stars. . .

'Formula' film fodder, the whole lot bar 'Salome'. Acceptable on the screen perhaps, but *awful* on the stereo.

PAUL HENDERSON

FATE
'Fate'
(EMI 1395 821 import)
KKKK

AS KING Diamond carries on ploughing a deeply occultist graveyard furrow, former Mercyful Fate guitarist Hank Sherman has taken several rather large strides out on his own. The lad's new outfit is called simply Fate, but has virtually nothing in common with what has gone before (stop cheering at the back).

Instead, Sherman has hitched up his breeches, followed his instincts and gathered a powerfully hard rockin', melodic combo around him, striking out in a decidedly Leppardian direction. So, enter Steven Tyler lookalike Jeff 'Lox' Limbo (lead vocals), Pete Steiner (bass/keyboards/backing vocals) and Bob Lance (drums). . . and out has powered a real find.

'Fate' is an excellent opening to what could be a significant career. Under the production guidance of Henrik Lund, the band have delivered some absolutely splendid stuff, ranging from the demonstrative drive of the new single 'Love On The Rox' to the stunning virtuosity of the balladic yet morose 'Fallen Angel'; from the glitzy bar brawl of 'Do You Want It' to the infectious, carnivorous chords that litter 'Victory'.

The Danes have yet to throw out a serious challenge to the Swedes (Europe, Spellbound, Treat) or the Norwegians (TNT) on the melodic hard rock roasting spit, but Fate stand ready to alter this situation in double quick time.

MALCOLM DOME

KROK OF... DELIGHT!

KROKUS
'Change Of Address'
(Arista ARS 207647)
KKKK¼

IT'S NO secret that Krokus have long been regarded by many as mere mimicks, a band who pick clean the bones of true masters and then graft them onto their own half-deformed musical skeletons. Me? I've always had a high respect for vocalist Marc Storace and his gunners, maintaining against increasing high-rise opposition that they are, indeed, a fine act in their own right.

Yet even I can't dispute that Krokus have long needed a *major* album to launch them into the big time. 'Headhunter' bubbled and threatened briefly on the international sphere and 'The Blitz' came even closer, but neither quite managed to shoot for the moon. Consequently, time is certainly slipping rather worryingly through the twin K's fingers. However, just as some of you (hi, Del Boy) thought 'twas safe to bury the karkas, they might just have achieved a multi-platinum lift-off.

'Change Of Address' is impressive on all fronts, backs and sides. It took some seven months of Los Angeles smog and 'snow'shine to record, with the magic fingers of Tom Werman (producer) and Duane Baron (engineer) guiding the band in a far more melodic direction than previously; as the Maltese mongrel Storace said to me recently, this one "presents a nice balance between the soft and the hard."

All eyelashes will initially be fluttered towards a cover of Alice Cooper's 'School's Out', which in all honesty is probably the weakest shot in the barrel. Far too close to the original, this version lacks individuality, only surfacing when Fernando Von Arb closes down the hatch with some blistering lead guitar work.

Elsewhere, though, it's bullseye time as the tuneful arc of 'Now' (my fave cut) dallies with the effective bounty of 'Hot Shot City' (virtually 'Long Stick Goes Boom' with a cravat). 'Let This Love Begin' is probably the best ballad ever penned by the fellas, and *Side One*'s closer 'Burning Up The Night' is a fine choice as the first single.

Over on the flip, the story is the same, with 'Long Way From Home', the album's languid finale, proving a worthy successor to 'Russian Winter's stirring, husky, snow-locked limbs from 'Headhunter' days. In fact, it's this cut more than any other that proves how subtle and inventive Krokus can be, as Marc lays some laconic vocals against the *beau monde* twitch of Von Arb and his guitar partner Mark Kohler, whilst new bassist Tommy Keiser and his former Cobra drumming colleague Jeff Klaven pace the rhythm with generous understatement.

There's quite a task ahead if Krokus are to convince the masses that they're an outfit of rare breeding. They've done their bit with 'Change Of Address', now just give 'em room to breathe. So, snorkels on.

MALCOLM DOME

VARIOUS ARTISTS
'Iron Eagle'
(Capitol SV-12499 import)
KKK
VARIOUS ARTISTS
'9½ Weeks'
(Capitol EST 2003)
KK

SOUNDTRACK ALBUMS. Rock's continuing flirtation with the film industry. The film industry's continuing flirtation with rock. What *does* it all mean?

These compilations are such (artistically) pointless affairs that I'm finding it difficult to even engage the enthusiasm to be nasty about them. I mean, can anyone, ANYONE, explain to me what connection disco/funk artist George Clinton has with the likes of Dio and Helix? Aside, that is, from the fact that all three appear on the 'Iron Eagle' soundtrack album? I eagerly await my invite to the movie itself to see how brilliantly the producers have managed to tie these diverse performers into the storyline.

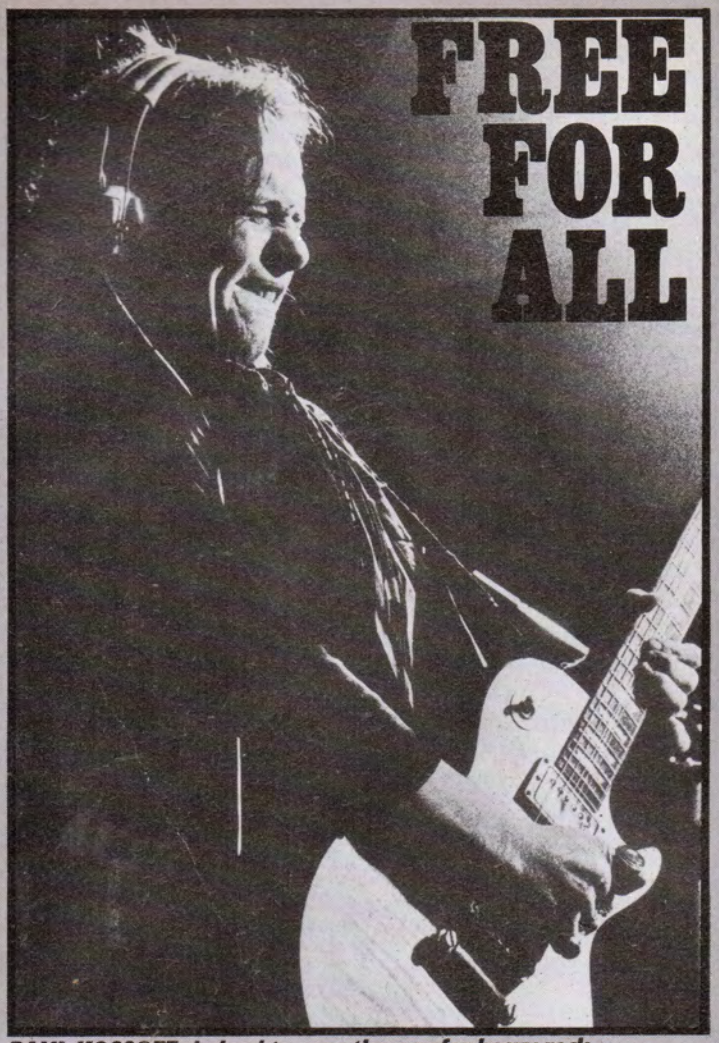
King Kobra too have a track here called 'Iron Eagle (Never Say Die)', which we may assume was a specially commissioned work and therefore deserving of inclusion. It's also due out shortly as a single in the UK. Dio provide the best track, 'Hide In The (wait for it, kids!) *Rainbow*', which Ronnie would probably have done better hanging onto for his own use – but then the financial returns on these soundtrack things are such that everyone's clamouring to get something used.

What gets me is that there's no apparent reasoning behind the selection of the tracks; they don't increase your understanding of the movie and their inclusion is often on the most spurious of grounds anyway. Sometimes a number appears on an album because it was playing on the radio when the hero took a bath or something. Big deal. But there's nothing wrong with turning a buck, I suppose, and soundtrack albums certainly shift in abundance.

'9½ Weeks' will probably shift in greater abundance than 'Iron Eagle' since the theme song was written by Duran Duran's John Taylor. This is actually a very good track (nifty video too), but with the exception of Bryan Ferry's utterly brilliant 'Slave To Love' (already available) and the Eurythmics' equally superb 'This City Never Sleeps' (equally available elsewhere), the remainder of this album is pretty lightweight stuff that need not overly concern us.

I have the soundtracks to 'Cabaret and 'West Side Story', both superb albums. There seemed a point to *them*. Has all this passed my by, am I getting too old to understand all this, or is someone just trying to flog some rather inconsequential movies on the backs of some rather more credible rock stars? If only I knew the answer, ho hum . . .

DAVE DICKSON



PAUL KOSSOFF: helped to pave the way for heavy rock

PAUL KOSSOFF
'Blue Soul'
(Island PKSP 100)
KKKK

IT'S FITTING that half the songs on this double album are by Free – without doubt one of *the* premier British bands of the early Seventies. With their distinctive, blues-rooted brand of rock, they helped pave the way for what subsequently became known as *heavy rock*.

Free had the original 'macho frontman' *panache* of Paul Rodgers; the no-messin', solid back-bone drumming of Simon Kirke; a remarkably gifted young bass player in Andy Fraser; and, with Paul Kossoff, an equally gifted and talented guitarist whose easily identifiable sound and blues/rock style was characterised by a shimmering, precise vibrato and a tendency not to play a dozen notes where *one* was quite sufficient.

The choice of the nine Free tracks on this compilation is an interesting one: 'Moonshine', 'Trouble On Double Time' and 'Crossroads' are previously unreleased live numbers from the 1970 Sunderland concert which provided the recordings for the 'Free Live' album, re-mixed here to add a crisp freshness. The other six numbers are selections from Free's albums but not, thankfully, the obvious, well-known 'favourites'. Instead, it's a careful, thoughtful selection of songs, illustrating various facets of Kossoff's guitar playing.

Add to these a couple of tracks from his 'Back Street Crawler' album ('Molten Gold', 'I'm Ready') and two of Jim Capaldi's ('Oh How We Danced', 'Tricky Dicky Rides Again') with Koss on guitar. There's also 'Blue Soul' from Back Street Crawler's '2nd Street', Uncle Dog's 'We Got Time' and, the only other previously unreleased track, the Rumbledown Band's 'I Know Why The Sun Don't Shine' (with Frankie Miller on vocals and Andy Fraser on bass and drums!). A total of 17 tracks covering a depressingly short eight years from the birth of Free in 1968 to Kossoff's death in 1976.

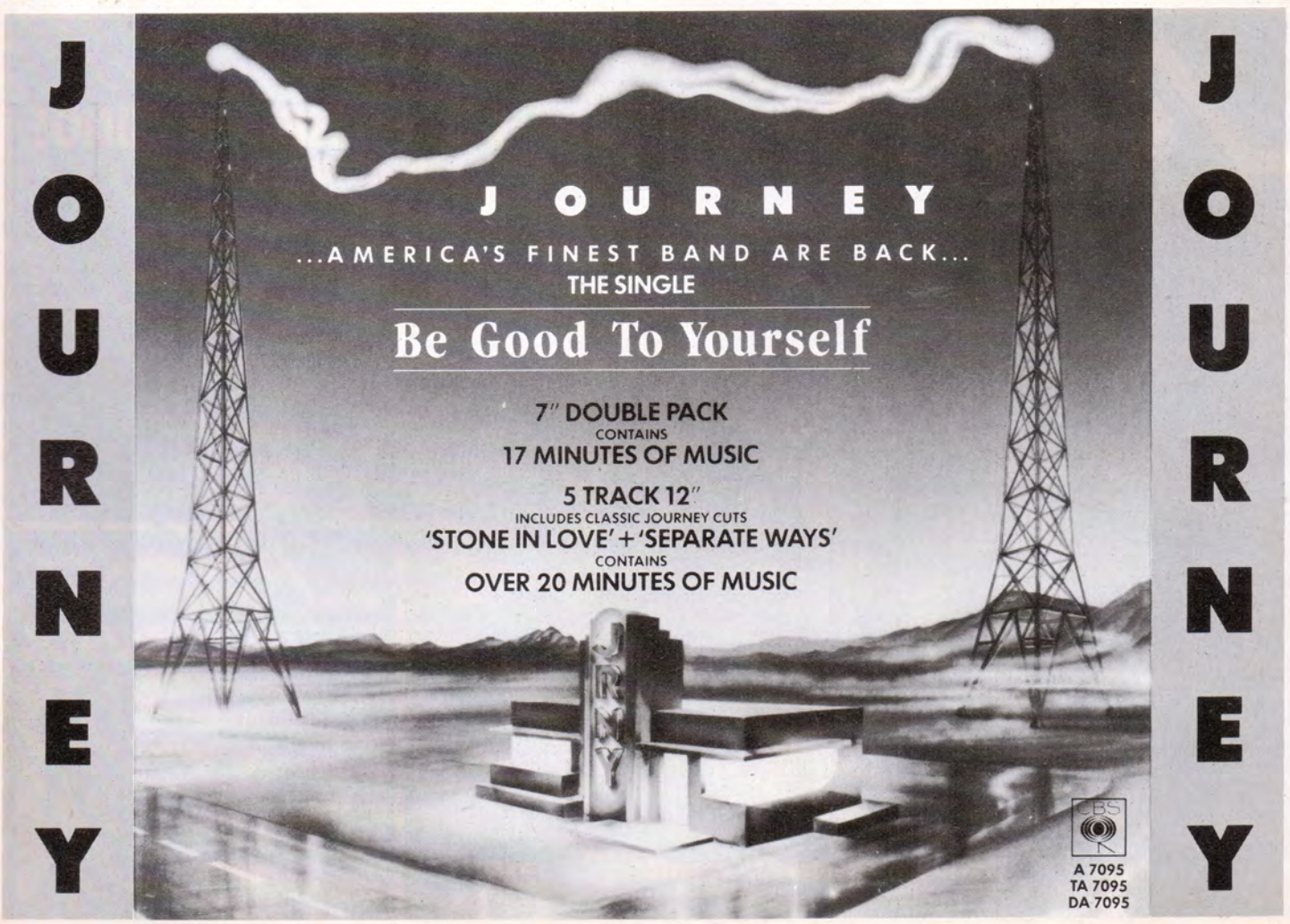
The gatefold package includes comprehensive track information, one of Pete Frame's 'family trees' of all the associated bands and 12 pages of illustrated, somewhat less than well-written biography, adding to a worthy representation of the work of one of Britain's best loved exponents of soulful, emotional, blues-based guitar. PAUL HENDERSON

NILS LOFGREN
'Code Of The Road'
(Towerbell Records TOWDLP 17)
KKK

LIVE ALBUMS are not easy to sell, although I suppose there's always the dangling carrot of a possible repeat of the 'Frampton Comes Alive' phenomenon. *Double* live albums are a *bitch* to sell. A bit like asking the record company sales force to swim the channel with their ankles tied to their elbows.

Still, Nils' career has seen a bit of an upturn in the last 18 months or so, a major influence on this being his association with Bruce Springsteen. On the back of that

KONTINUEZ OVER



FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

exposure he returned to fronting his own band, produced an album ('Flip') and single of the same name, a tour and, as a result, this double live album recorded at the *Hammersmith Odeon*. It is not, I'm afraid, going to be a 'Frampton . . .'. Not even close.

Even a non-fan of Nils would probably admit that he's written some good songs – 'Back It Up' and 'Keith Don't Go' being just a couple of oft quoted favourites – and that, theoretically at least, he's got enough good material to put together a set with a reasonable amount of 'clout'.

Certain aspects of the live arrangements seem to reflect lessons learnt whilst part of Bruce's circus. Others are perhaps signs of not having led his *own* band for a while.

As a live set its main failure is that there's a distinct lack of atmosphere generated by all but a couple of the songs, and that most of them actually *lose* whatever quality it was they once had. 'Keith Don't Go', for example, is ruined by being played much too slow, given an acoustic guitar intro and something close to an 'anthemic' treatment of what was simply a good rock song.

Other songs become drawn-out, unfocussed and generally quite tedious. The vocals seem much too thin and the distinctive guitar sound too consistent, too 'samey'.

Listening to all four sides was actually quite an effort. I found nothing to draw me in, carry me along or, *even*, leave me behind. It's not that it's a *bad* album; far from it. It just seems strangely . . . *insignificant!*

PAUL HENDERSON

STRANGEWAYS
'Strangeways'
(Bonaire Records 207 417-620)
KKKK

A VERY impressive debut album from one of Britain's most promising new rock bands, Strangeways are a four-piece brimming over with neat melodies and a healthy clutch of good songs. We're talking about an obviously talented young group with their eyes on the mature end of the AOR spectrum; crisp vocal harmonies supporting (now departed) lead vocalist Tony Liddell's husky attacking style, plenty of dramatic counterpoint to shade the melodies, and some damn fine performances all round.

One earful of opening track, 'The Kid Needs Love', will convince you of the wisdom of these words. Nervous guitar jumping and threading the frets, drums bossing the sound, Tony Liddell smearing his dirty love words over everything, and choruses that skip like light through the breeze, 'Hold Back Your Love', which follows, is a real sugar-waltz, sure, but burning with a volatile energy that slaps you with its kisses.

'Close To The Edge', the current single, is a big favourite; I love the way the bass pushes everybody else around, and the way the guitars and keyboards really bring the hammer down on your heart, suddenly shooting into a rainbow of voices howling out the chorus.

Side Two also boasts a fair share of treasures. 'Breakin' Down The Barriers' has American Number One hit single written all over its baby face; a great song, imaginatively performed, brilliantly arranged, given all the production gloss Kevin Elson is capable of, and laced with a heavy dose of guitar magic.

'Now It's Gone' and 'Hold Tight' are both pure-form rockers, or as close to it as a band like Strangeways are ever likely to get; fast-paced, with acres of space for lead guitarist and chief songwriter, Ian Stewart, to stretch out in.

For all their stars-and-stripes dreams, however, this band still possess that unmistakably *British* flavour. On the evidence of this one release, I'd say they have more of the John Parr about them than the Loverboy.

I predict a big success.

MICK WALL

FRANKIE MILLER
'Dancing In The Rain'
(Vertigo VERH 34)
KKKK½

WEIRD! REAL weird! Half an hour ago I was listening to the new Paul Kossoff compilation, remembering and admiring, amongst other things, drummer Simon Kirke's unwavering, 'quartz-controlled' time-keeping. "What's Kirke up to these days?" I wondered. And what do I hear next but him lending his fierce back-beat to the new Frankie Miller album.

Frankie Miller I've never really liked. No explanation, no vague excuses. Just never grabbed me, I suppose. But, oh, isn't it nice to get surprises? Namely, a stack of real good songs, superb production and some fiery performances from Miller and guitarist Brian Robertson (though I confess I don't know which of the guitar parts are by him and which by any one of a list of six 'additional' guitarists that includes Chris 'whatever happened to him?' Spedding).

And, of course, the aforementioned Kirke gives the 'tubs' a serious smacking, being particularly brutal on the stripped-down, funked-up 'Shakey Ground' and a mid-tempo, pulsating chug-a-lug ('Do It Till We Drop') that also features constant side-swipes of razor-sharp guitar flashing around in the mix like animated sabres.

Lyrically, all the songs are man/woman stuff but, thankfully, without the shmaltz. There's pain ('How Many Tears Can You Hide', 'Gladly Go Blind', 'Shakey Ground') and there's pleasure ('The Boys And Girls Are Doing It', 'Do It Till We Drop') and there's the occasional line to make you smile – like the 'classic' blues touch of *'My car got repossessed this mornin'"* ('Shakey Ground') and, from 'I'd Lie To You For Your Love', *'I'm a doctor, I'm a lawyer, I'm a movie star; I'm an astronaut and I own this bar'*.

Even the one or two slower numbers, where soul takes the place of the grit 'n' grind, retain an energetic feel and enough intensity to steer them *well* clear of being 'wimp out'.

Hey-ho, let's go, Spring's here and whaddya know. Frankie's back in town! Wallop!

PAUL HENDERSON

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COLISEUM ROCK

MARK PUTTERFORD climbs (temporarily) onto the wagon in his quest for one of the better Brit-based Metal bands, extolling the virtues of faith, hope and . . . CHARIOT!

CHARIOT (l-r): John Smith, Scott Biaggi, Jeff Braithwaite, Pete Franklin

"*Chariot are the most popular rock band in London at the moment. Record-wise they can out-sell any of the bands on a par with them, and gig-wise they can pull bigger crowds at places like the* Marquee *and the* Wellington *than any other London rock band. I mean, no-one has done more* Marquee *headliners than Chariot over the last six or eight months . . . and they attract a big, loyal crowd every single time.*" (Chariot manager Mike Shannon, *Shades Records.*)

THE MOST popular rock band in London, eh? Blimey, even as I push this platinum-plated pen I can sense the contemptuous resentment of crimson-faced cockneys from 'Ammersmith to 'Ackney materialising into house brick-accompanied letters. Is that *really* true? I'm sure there's a few bands 'n' fans out there who'd disagree with this claim, but before your blood boils over completely, spare me a few minutes and check out this band Chariot, for even if they're not quite as popular as their manager says (although I've no reason to doubt him), they're still a damn fine Metal band.

The Chariot story begins when a band called N.16 (as in Stoke Newington), featuring lead guitarist Scott Biaggi and drummer Jeff Braithwaite, broke up about four or five years ago. Scott and Jeff remained together, however, bringing in bass player John Smith (who suggested the Chariot monicker), but before long Jeff was out on his ear ("cos he was a noisy bastard") and the band underwent numerous personnel changes which did nothing to bring them success.

Eventually, after even a demo recorded with the 'legendary'

Pix Pete Cronin

Neal Kay (Nigel Planer – who's he?) failed to shoot the band to megastardom, the boyz decided to rope in a rhythm guitarist, collaring perky Pete Franklin through a *Melancholy Maker* ad. As it turned out, the Rossi-like rhythm-smith was soon cornered into singing as well when the band's previous vocalist decided to do a runner 20 minutes before a gig one night; by the good will of Our Lord Francis it turned out to be alright, and that's been the status quo (groan) on the singing front ever since.

To complete the current Chariot line-up, bucket-beater Braithwaite miraculously returned to the fold about 18 months ago, and then all it needed was for a coupla chaps from *Shades* record shop in London to take a butcher's at the band in a Bethnal Green boozer one night, and Chariot's wheels of fortune were well an' truly rolling.

As it happened, *Shades* didn't decide to work with the band until some time after that gig at the *Green Gate*, and when they did, the original idea was to simply record a single. However, an EP was then proposed and "finally, they just said, 'Sod it – let's do a whole album!'" explains Scott.

SO THE 'Warrior' LP was released and a promising period of pub 'n' clubbing then proceeded. A coupla months back the second Chariot album, 'Burning Ambition' (see review, issue 115), was released. But although the band have enjoyed a healthy amount of success abroad over the past year or so (in France, for example, the first pressing of '. . .Ambition' sold out in just three weeks), Blighty has been slow to pick up on them. This may be partly due to lack of press coverage, poor distribution and other things like that, but the band finger a more important factor . . .

"It's just not worth us going out and playing all the clubs again," complains Scott, "because we've done all that before. We get stick for not playing outside London, but where can we play that'd be realistic and yet still worthwhile? We could go to Newcastle tomorrow and play to 20 geezers in a pub, but what's the point?

"We *do* need exposure, and the best way would be to get a support slot on a decent tour. We tried Twisted Sister and UFO but got nowhere, so now we've just got to wait until something similar comes along."

In order to get some of this much-needed exposure, Chariot filmed a video at the *Marquee* recently and this should be on sale in the near future.

But, although the boyz feel that they're primarily a live band and aren't completely happy with their recorded efforts up to date, I think that 'Burning Ambition' is good enough to attract some attention their way.

There sure is some fine groin-punting Metal on that album.

"But we're *not* a Metal band!" Scott argues indignantly. "To me, Metal is represented by the Metallicas and the Priests and we don't want to be associated with those kinds of bands. We're just a *rock* band . . . but then, according to *Capital Radio*, Culture Club are a 'rock band' too, so where does that put us?!"

Scott and I clearly disagree on this one.

The guitarist obviously feels that labelling Chariot HM would be to the detriment of the band, but I'd rather stick to my description of them and say in their 'defence' that they're one of the *better* Metal bands in this country at the moment.

BUT NOW to the biggie: howzabout this claim that Chariot are *'the most popular rock band in London'?* Over to Scott again.

"Well, who else is there in London at our level who are good?" the six-stringer asks. "Tokyo Blade? Persian Risk? They're just caricatures of bigger bands – Blade are Maiden, Risk are Priest – and I don't think they can claim to be more popular than us. We're not a clone band, we're different from the rest, and we've built up a good, strong following around London with a lot of hard work. Maybe it's a bit of a bold statement to make, but it's true."

Apart from hard work and good heavy music, Chariot tinge their gigs with a lot of humour, and I think this has also contributed to their popularity. Scott gulps down another lager in agreement . . .

"Well, rock bands take themselves so seriously these days and I just think that's pathetic," he scorns. "It's the image thing that a lot of bands seem so serious about and I can't really see why. We've had a lot of stick from people who say we're not mega because we haven't got an image, but I don't think image is really that important. I mean, there's no way I could go onstage and stand there in leather 'n' studs 'n' make-up . . . could *you?*

"No, we just go out there to have a good time and to give the audience a good time. We're not Dumpy's Rusty Nuts, but we try to do everything with a smile; in fact, the only things we take seriously are the music and the crowd's enjoyment. After all, the whole point of being up there onstage in the first place is to make good music and entertain."

And if that philosophy makes them the most popular band in London at the moment – good luck to 'em!

SHY (l-r): Roy Davis, Alan Kelly, Tony Mills, Steve Harris, Paddy McKenna

Pic Ross Halfin

STORM WARNING

SHY (pictured left), still reeling from a disastrous start to their *RCA* career, are about to pick themselves up from the floor and start again. Frontman TONY MILLS denies that the group have blown it and proclaims: "We're a great band who write good songs". Report by DEREK OLIVER

POKING THE tip of my nose with a pink cocktail stick, I find it hard to determine what exactly is so compelling about a conversation with Tony Mills. He's no smooth talker, the flash frontman, no intellektual introvert with a soft whisper and a convincing line in diplomacy. Actually, he's totally the opposite; over-the-top and wildly honest, sometimes cruelly so. Perhaps it's this that I find so likeable, or maybe it's the fact that he's the kind of swell-headed guy that everybody loves to hate – or should that be *insult?* Like I said, plenty of front.

He is, of course, the cocky mouthpiece of Shy, the Birmingham band who've experienced an awful lot of activity in the last year or so. Propelled on the wings of a sky-high major label launch (*RCA*), Shy succeeded for the most part in belly-flopping across the entire spectrum of promotional escapades. Laughable TV appearances, a soundly disappointing debut LP for the label ('Brave The Storm'), sparse live shows and Mills', er, arrogance led more people up the garden path than one cares to recall. All in all, a docket of deadly disaster.

I'm a big fan of Shy, but there does come a point when questions must be asked and right now does seem to be the ideal time. At the moment, they are the object of considerable attention, prompted in no small part by a peek-a-boo guest slot on the recent Twisted Sister UK tour and newz that they've been songwriting and living it up in America's sleaziest tinsel town, Los Angeles. Not only that, but they've survived a viciously disheartening period which on more than one occasion threatened their very existence.

So with nothing but a *Philips* tape recorder, a Billy Bragg badge and a dayglo neckerchief, I attempt to erode Tony Mills' granite confidence with questions like . . .

SAY, TONY, a lot of folk around these parts think that Shy have blown it . . .

"Bulls**t! Forget it! We spent a long time doing sweet FA, getting stale and clearing the skeletons out of the closet and now we're back in business. There's no doubt about it, we'll crack it and if you don't like it, well . . ."

Look Tone, I got the impression that a lot of people, including the band, thought that 'Brave The Storm' wasn't all it should have been. Know wot I mean?

"Yeah, I s'pose you're right, but a lot of things went wrong – a lot of technical things."

Such as?

"Well, it's my personal opinion that Tony Platt's production wasn't very good. It turned out cloudy, noisy and lacking in power; in fact, I was told that he wasn't even at the final mix! There's a gross production error on one track, 'Caught In The Game', which suffers from a massive volume drop half-way through. It was noticed at the acetate stage but nobody bothered to correct it before it went to the pressing plant! I also heard that Tommy Vance wouldn't play the album because he thought the production was so poor.

"And that's not the only thing; there was a cock-up with the sleeve, too – if you look carefully you'll notice a smudge of red paint in the right-hand corner which wasn't wiped off!"

I thought RCA *promoted the album well at least, and I couldn't understand why you didn't tour with it?*

"We *did* . . . sort of: two short club tours and a support slot with Twelfth Night – we went down really well, too! It's not much I know, but a lot of promises fell through and that was mostly due to our management (*Dreamstar*). For a start, they couldn't even get us a booking agent and there were a lot of other things that went badly wrong. It's still a sensitive issue, I can't go into detail, but we've broken away from them now . . ."

SO WHAT was the score with RCA *at that stage? Surely they must have been a bit pissed off?*

"Kind of. Basically, by that time things had become too f**ked up and the impetus had been lost. What you've gotta remember is that in the beginning they built up a lot of faith in both us and the management, and by the time they stepped in it was far too late to reverse the situation – the marketing campaign had been cocked up, everyone was unhappy with the final mix of the album, I had problems with my voice and we missed the chance to fix ourselves up with a decent tour."

Voice problems? Was that why your appearance on the 'ECT' Channel 4 *TV show was so rough?*

"Look, I don't mind admitting I was s**t and that *'ECT'* was a disaster for us. I know this sounds like I'm making excuses, but by the time the LP was finished I'd totally shot my voice, thrashed it to death. Plus, on the day of the *'ECT'* show, I was suffering from the 'flu. We ran through the set during the afternoon and things seemed fine, only I'd strained my throat and they wouldn't allow any liquid on the stage, not even a glass of water!

"Anyhow, after the show I saw a specialist and he diagnosed that I had temporary nodes – what could I do? Since then I've found out that I've got a psychological nervous complaint – whenever I'm run down or ill I lose my voice, it's as simple as that."

There seems to be some confusion as to whether or not you went over to the USA to promote 'Brave The Storm'. Seems to me that North America ought to have been a number one priority . . .

"Go on, tell me about it! Once again we were promised everything, mostly by our management, but like I said earlier, they ended up shelving it. We actually got as far as having our visas sorted out, being told about gigs and what day we were due to fly out on. But as usual nothing happened, just excuses, the same old bollocks. I used to sit at home reading the fan mail, kids asking how we got on in America. I think it got to the stage where everyone in the UK thought we were in the States making a killing!"

I SEEM to remember a few rumours flying around to the effect that you and RCA *were, at one stage, about to part company. True?*

"That's crap! You might have thought we were hanging on by the skin of our teeth, but *RCA* have always been fully behind us, they truly believe we've got the capability to make it. *RCA* aren't stupid, they can see we're a great band who write good songs.

"Logistically, the first *RCA* LP was a total cock-up – it literally became too late to change things. We've got to go back to square one and start all over again this year."

So what are your plans for the year? And why have the band been hanging out in Los Angeles recently?

"We spent a long time sorting out our management problem and to be quite honest our new material was a little stale, so *RCA* thought it'd be a good move for us to experience a new environment. Anyway, they sent us over to LA for a few weeks to write songs. We're not being moulded or stylised, we've *always* been an American-sounding rock band. It woke us up, we worked f**kin' hard, seven days a week."

WORK HARD they did. Not only did they pen a first-rate selection of new *original* material, they also co-wrote a stack of toons with a variety of American rockers like Don Dokken ('Last Chance'), Jeff Paris, Bob Kulick, Julia Downes (who co-writes with John Parr) and Michael Jay and Duane Hitchings (who penned a number of cuts on Steve Perry's solo LP). And that's not all; let's not forget the song they've bagged from America's hottest rocker Michael Bolton ('Emergency'), a number originally intended for Tina Turner!!

"So far we've demoed and submitted 10-15 songs for the next LP, and ideally we'll push that number up to around 20 or so before the final choice is made. We're determined that our next album is going to be a killer!"

Who's going to produce?

"I'm not sure just yet. We've been considering lots of different names but the favourites right now are Tom Werman (Cheap Trick, Ted Nugent, Mötley Crüe, *etc*), John Astley (a new *RCA* in-house producer who's just worked with Marilyn Martin), Neil Kernon (Michael Bolton) and Michael Wagener (Accept, Dokken). Actually, we haven't ruled out the possibility of using different producers for individual tracks and if that happens we'll obviously be recording in several studios. Hopefully, we'll start in June and have the LP out by the Autumn."

Go for it Tone!

OZZY OSBOURNE: 'a genius' shock claim

KOMMUNICATION

Say it loud to *Kerrang!*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ

OZZY AWRIGHT! (1)

RATT PISS all over Ozzy?! F**k off Scouce, the Kiss Maniac. I also saw Ratt supporting Ozzy on his last UK tour and, to be quite honest, I thought they were a pile of s**t. The usual 'I love me, who do you love?' crap, and the noise coming from the speakers was absolute garbage.

And what's that about Ozzy not being fit to lick Kiss' boots – rubbish! The only thing Kiss are good at is putting on a fine stage show, but that doesn't make a great band, does it? Oh yeah, Paul Stanley a better singer than Ozzy? Don't make me laugh!

When Ozzy and his band headline Donington I reckon they'll piss all over the other acts, just like they did two years ago, and just like they'll carry on doing for many years to come. **Fozzy, Humberside.**

OZZY AWRIGHT! (2)

DEAR SCOUCE, referring to your letter (issue 117), I'd just like to get a few things straight. Firstly, starting your letter using foul language (to try and attract some attention I suppose, seeing as the rest of it was complete drivel) just emphasises how immature and pathetic you are.

Secondly, anyone who appreciates good music will be more than chuffed at Ozzy headlining the Castle Donington Festival this year.

Thirdly, it would take a hell of a lot better band than Ratt to piss over such a genius as Ozzy. I agree with your comment about guitarist Jake E. Lee being brilliant, but as for Ozzy being 'nothing' without him, I suppose such classics as the 'Blizzard Of Ozz' album completely slipped your mind!! **A female Ozzy fan, Guisborough, Cleveland.**

OZZY AWRIGHT! (3)

WITH REGARD to the letter from Scouce, the Kiss Maniac, concerning a certain Mr. Ozzy Osbourne, I feel I must put a few things straight. Firstly, when I saw Ozzy at the *Birmingham Odeon* in March, the show was better than ever before (and I've seen him five times now). Ratt were not very special that night. The only decent thing about them was their bass player (Juan Croucier) who made a good effort to brighten up an otherwise dull set.

Also, Ozzy headlining the Castle Donington Festival is the best news yet. Alright, Kiss are very good; their live set is one of the best I've seen, but no other artist in the world can whip an audience into a mad frenzy like Ozzy Osbourne. When he comes out at Donington, you'll see what I mean.

So listen to these words of wisdom. Keep your mouth shut if you don't know what you are talking about, and stop making yourself look stupid. **Sparky, Gloucester.**

STEVE JOULE WRITES

I'VE READ your magazine for four years now and have witnessed it change from a badly laid-out Heavy Metal mag into 'Krusher's expertly designed *rock* mag. The writing has got better (with the exception of X. Russell) and the musical scope has broadened. But, as most long-standing readers will no doubt be wondering, whatever happened to the much-needed *Kontact* section? I'm often in need of info but have nowhere to go. So come on, Geoff, howsabout the re-introduction of *Kontact* (with a bigger pic of Janice).

You could start by finding the addresses for Cheap Trick and Aerosmith merchandising, please. I tried the fan club addresses on the respective live LPs only to find they'd both buggered off leaving no forwarding number. Thanks, **Henry Blurt.**

FOX ON THE RUN

I'D JUST like to say thank you to Howard Johnson for being the only reviewer prepared to admit that Samantha Fox's 'Touch Me' *etc* is s**t. So far, no-one else has got further than Page Three. If she thinks that rape is so much fun then why doesn't she go try it?

Personally, I don't think it is. I was attacked last year and it *isn't* bloody funny, but of course it'll probably never happen to her; if it wasn't for songs like this one (and the general media crap) perhaps it wouldn't happen to so many other girls either.

Incidentally, in case you all think I'm frigid, I'm not. Sex is great – as long as it's with the man I want. Thanks Howard for a timely bit of moral concern. **Maria, a raving Metallica fan.**

'TURBO' TRIPE

I DON'T KNOW why I'm writing this letter because it's all really a dream, a twisted, horrible dream.

I went to the record store and bought the new Judas Priest album, 'Turbo'. I put it on my turntable and was greeted by some of the worst music I've heard in a long time. Having been a Priest fan for the last five years, I expected a *normal* album from Rob and the boys, but what I got sounded like a cross between Twisted Sister and ZZ Top!

I have nothing against either of these bands, but this is *Judas Priest*. Naturally, you expect something special from the guys, but their new LP really does border on awfulness. I know that any minute now I'll wake up and find it was all just a nightmare (I hope). **Tracy Williams, Jackson, Mississippi, USA.**

BABY LOVE

FOR ALL those people (Mark Putterford included) who have been scratching their heads wondering where the band Baby Tuckoo got their name from, maybe this short extract from the opening page of James Joyce's 'Portrait Of The Artist As A Young Man' will clear things up:

'Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo . . . .'

This is the father's song to the son. The son here is the hero of the book, Stephen Dedalus (or the young Joyce, if the 'Portrait' is to some degree an autobiographical one). He is Baby Tuckoo.

By the way, any chance of a Tull feature in the near future? **Andrew Jackson, Stonehaven, Scotland.** *No – Ed.*

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LADY Killers

DO YOU remember **Rock Goddess**? Yeah, yeah, yeah . . . the all-girl trio from London who steamed up my spectacles in the days of albums like 'Rock Goddess' and 'Hell Hath No Fury', both released through the *A&M* label. Well, it's been a long time since we've had some concrete newz from the gals, so legendary snapper **Ray 'It's My Round' Palmer** decided (after some descrete prompting from yours truly and the rest of the lechers on this rag) to get band bassist/keyboards player/backing vocalist **Dee O'Malley** down to his studio in Wandsworth and capture her rather sultry new look.

Hmm, it certainly seems as if Dee has forgotten about her days as the leathered-up rocker propping up the bar down the boozer and thrown in her lot with the **Catherine Deneuve** School Of Charm And Deportment . . .

But seriously folks, the band's latest LP, as yet untitled, has long been in the can and they've now got the hugely successful **Smallwood-Taylor** team (the management genii behind **Iron Maiden** and **W.A.S.P.**) working to get them a major new deal. So it shouldn't be long afore all the ends are tied up and this **Paul Samson/Jo Julien**-produced effort (ten songs in all, recorded at *Musicworks Studios* in London) hits the racks. But you'll have to excuse me for a moment, I'm off to buy a carton of *Kleenex* and brush up on my French!

MALCOLM DOME

DEE O'MALLEY

Pic Ray Palmer

GER-MANIC MECH-ANIX!

ACCEPT/DOKKEN
Hammersmith Odeon

GOOD AND LOUD. A gig that left little bootmarks up and down the spine. . .

Accept frontman Udo Dirkschneider, in his Heseltine camouflage outfit, looks like an Action Man dolly that's been squashed in one of those things they use in scrapyards to turn cars into little metal oxo-cubes and sounds like – well, like Udo, like caustic soda sprinkled on your braincells, like a man who could *never* sing a ballad. Like putting a blowtorch next to an ice-sculpture or 'Krusher' next to Wendy O. Williams, it's something that just isn't done. So it's an hour-and-a-half of pure Metal bliss – chords crashing, riffs roaring, guitars attacking, the whole thing zapping you into a puddle of happy drool like a napalm *blitzkreig*.

BOC-sized Udo glares from under his eyebrows at the sea of sweaty London leatherboys, lights flash, and 'TV War' starts the whole thing off as it means to go on.

What can I tell you? It was whole new levels of superb! 'Monster Man', with Udo – knee-high to a drumstick – crouching down amongst his merry men like a man taken short (pardon the word) on the motorway; 'London Leather Boys', with the triple all-boys-together line-up at the front, the spiritual art of Perfect Bludgeonhood personified and Holy Trinitied in a simultaneous, synchronised simian headbang.

Everybody knows the words and grunts and yells along, or points or punches and generally

DOKKEN? I thought they were pretty good and most of the crowd thought they were pretty good, until I guess Accept came on and gave a ***hole new definition to good. The set's been toughened up – as promised – since I saw them in the States; singer Don Dokken's still wearing a dash of pink, but none of his frilly-glam stuff, and even guitarist George Lynch has darkened his hair!

It's a bloody good band – the drummer, Mick Brown, is like a pneumatic drill on the pavements of HM Heaven, I love the way bass player, Jeff Pilson, hammers the s**t out of his instrument, and some of the guitar stuff knocks you over. Don's vocals are never less than spot-on (the *acapella* harmonies that open 'In My Dreams' are really fine), but I have to say there's still something missing; probably the songs.

Still, *"We've waited four f**king years to get to this town,"* says Don, and everyone seemed happy to see them.

SYLVIE SIMMONS

sort of show.

There's some black ramps leading up to a platform by the drums, much used by the band for marching and stomping and synchronised stuff, while banks of bright 'we-have-ways-of-making-you' lights blind those who aren't already deafened into submission.

'Heaven Is Hell' is one of a handful of new ones, and the first of two guitar solos; credit due to a slavering Doc Doom for pointing out the extreme Michael Schenker-like sound.

'Restless And Wild', 'Love Child' – the band sounds tight, *gargantuan*, Udo at the front scooping us all up and pulling us into his dinky little fist, stomping his I-won't-eat-my-cornflakes-and-you-can't-make-r stomp.

'Metal Heart's last, with the much-deserved encores to follow: 'Balls To The Wall', with a couple of punters jumping onstage in their exuberance, and before it 'War Games', with an hilarious triple-guitar goosestep. Let's hear it for *SS* Top!!!

DOKKEN'S GEORGE LYNCH

THE ACCEPT FRONTLINE (l-r): Jörg Fischer, Peter Baltes, Udo Dirkschneider, Wolf Hoffmann

DON DOKKEN

Pix Ross Halfin

MORE KONCERTZ REVIEWZ PAGE 42

STRANGEWAYS (l to r): David Stewart, Ian Stewart, Terry Brock, Jim Drummond

Pic George Bodnar

DON'T TALK TO STRANGERS

. . . unless they happen to have made a 'truly magnificent-sounding' record.
DAVE DICKSON reckons that STRANGEWAYS certainly *have,* hailing the three Scottish exiles (and one American) as possible saviours of British AOR

I ALWAYS thought *Strangeways* was a prison in Manchester but that just goes to show how much I know, right? Strangeways is also a band so named because "we do things in strange ways", and this is where their story begins to unfold, where all things become possible.

It's a curious and unreasoning world, the music industry, a world where talent often counts for very little and *breaks* are what it's all about; where fortunes are won and lost in the passing of a few weeks and you're only ever as good as your last hit. It's a curious world, cut-throat and bloody, but still we all want a slice of the action. It's curious not least of all because, despite the pitfalls (numerous) and despite the odds *against* anyone actually making it (astronomical), everyone wants their chance of glory, their 15 minutes of fame.

It's what keeps the business vital and alive; it also makes it bloody difficult (if not impossible) to actually predict who or what is ever going to be big – let's face it, backing the winner in the Grand National is a piece of piss compared to the music industry. So what do we do, we star-gazers (in more senses than one)? We put our hands on our hearts and go with the flow – or rather, the *feel!* You've got to feel it, feel it in your bones, feel it in your gut!

Every so often that feeling arrives and you just have to go with it, you have to follow it through. That warm glow in the pit of the stomach is unmistakeable; when it comes you know you're in the presence of something or someone that is reaching out and truly making contact. Pretty f**king deep and mystical, eh?

I've managed to stumble across an assortment of bands in my time who instil this gut-level instinct, sometimes by recommendation, sometimes by inspiration, sometimes just by pure luck. Strangeways was pure luck.

ONCE UPON a time, not so very long ago, I found myself in the press office at *Arista Records*. This particular afternoon I was on the trail of a band called the Danse Society, a slightly weird, off-the-wall outfit, who, so I believed, were in the process of releasing an album. Now, *Arista* aren't a company known for their ardent promotion of the rock cause, gleaning most of their revenue from disco nonsense, but now and again something slips through the net. The Danse Society managed to wriggle through, so too did Strangeways, only they did it *via* a new independent company, *Bonaire*, distributed in this country by *Arista* and owned by Carl Leighton-Pope, one-time UFO manager.

So I chanced to be in the right place at the right time on totally separate business when the gorgeous, pouting Val in the press office, being generally on-the-ball and knowing my ever-diversifying taste in music, pressed a tape into my hand and said, "Give this a listen, see what you think."

Now, the journey time, traffic allowing, between *Arista* and *Kerrang!* Kastle is about ten minutes, just enough time to play two tracks, just enough time to sell me completely. Actually, it didn't take more than the first track, a rip-roaring killer of a song called 'The Kid Needs Love', to convince me that these people *had* to be followed up. There it was, that warm glow in the stomach...

STRANGEWAYS AT this point were a four-piece from just outside Glasgow, formed by two brothers, Ian and David Stewart (guitarist and bassist respectively as well as band composers), from the ashes of China White (who I vaguely remember). They'd come to London in search of fame and fortune, found neither but did, eventually, land themselves a deal with *Bonaire.*

But scoring this elusive deal wasn't the end of the Stewarts' problems; there was always the question of who else was going to be in the band . . .

Ian, chief composer and leader of the band, explains:

"I was never 100 per cent sure about the line-up (*ie.* the people in the band at the time the deal was signed). I was sure about the music, obviously, I was writing it, ha! But I wasn't sure we had the right people to do it."

Following that tried and trusted dictum 'when in doubt, chuck 'em out', a new singer, Tony Liddell, and a new drummer, Jim Drummond (ironically enough, Scottish with "no track record, he was playing in a funk band, believe it or not!"), were recruited and Strangeways was born.

Back home, in the wild and rugged regions just outside of Glasgow, the Stewart family might well have enjoyed a musical *soirée* – at least some of them might. Father Stewart played guitar in a band for a living, Mother Stewart plays piano, Sister Stewart is a music teacher while other Brother Stewart plays first violin in the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra. Needless to say, the Stewart clan had somewhat differing views as to what constituted *good* music.

"My brother's musical influences and ours," states Ian, "don't mix at all." Just like oil and water. "He is very classically orientated."

So Ian wrote his songs and China White gigged around the pubs and the clubs and got bigger; they then gigged some more and eventually got big enough to play the airforce bases and places like that. But there they were required to turn in epic-length performances which, naturally enough, involved playing covers.

"And I never liked doing that," protests Ian, "after all, they never played any of my songs so why should I play theirs?"

Why, indeed!

SO CHINA White gave up on Scotland, migrated to London and eventually became Strangeways.

"Strangeways had always been an idea and now the time was right to do it, we'd just taken a long time working on it."

What they'd been working on was a demo tape that came to the attention of Bob Currie at *EMI;* he was suitably impressed and wanted to snap the band up. But *EMI* were only prepared to offer a singles deal with an option on an album, and it was an *album* more than anything that the Stewarts knew was right for the band. So they passed.

But fortune smiled on Strangeways as somehow their demo fell into the hands of the Saga management company who were looking to expand from their Canadian home-base into the UK. A deal was signed – an album being a *definite* rather than an option this time round – which just left a producer to find. Enter Kevin Elson, whose credits include work with producer Mike Stone on the Journey output as well as Johnny Van Zant amongst others.

By an odd and curious coincidence, only a couple of days before I was handed that fateful tape, the name Kevin Elson (previously totally and utterly unbeknownst to me, not being a Journey fan) cropped up in conversation. It transpires that Mr Elson had been selected to handle the knob-twiddling on the last UFO album, 'Misdemeanor', but was shortly and smartly given his marching orders by a less than impressed Phil Mogg with the words, "Pack up your s**t and get out of here". I offer this little snippet of information to the Stewarts.

"Yeah, that's what happened," confirms an unmoved Ian. "Kevin came down to our flat from the Manor (where 'Misdemeanor' was being recorded) right after it took place. When Kevin first told me he was going to do it I couldn't believe him anyway."

Undeterred by this dismissal, Strangeways forged ahead, recording their album with Elson at the helm at *Powerplay* studios in Switzerland.

AND THE result? The result is a very, very powerful debut (see review this issue), an album that drips hooks, strong melodies and a wealth of potential. I couldn't wrest the damn thing out of my tape player for days after I'd first been given it. It's instant, it's catchy and it's wall-to-wall with great songs. The diehards may cry 'sell-out!', but why?

There's still that incomprehensibly British attitude which demands that if you try and do something geared to an international market, something obviously commercial, then you deserve to be treated like lepers. This attitude, that making money is somehow a dirty business, not to be talked about still less actually achieved – you don't believe me? Try asking anyone in this country how much they earn and you'll probably be told not to be so rude, that this isn't a subject for polite conversation – has driven many fine bands from these shores (I need only mention Def Leppard, Judas Priest, Led Zeppelin, you get my drift?).

'Strangeways', the album, is a monumental piece of work and should set Strangeways, the band, onto the road to stardom and riches (and why not? Just remember what Bette Middler said: 'F**k 'em, if they can't take a joke'. Or, for our purposes, 'F**k 'em, if they wanna stay poor all their lives!').

So there's me figuring, great, I've stumbled across a band here that show every likelihood of becoming very, very big – when young Ian Stewart calls me up out of the blue and says could we continue the interview as there's been 'developments' since we concluded our discussion. We rounded off with such mind-numbingly tedious stuff as how the band were looking for a major support tour to launch themselves onto the British public, the single and stuff like that. But now the bastard wanted to tell me about some 'developments'. What was he up to?

"Anything else you want to add?" I asked as our interview drew to a close.

"No," they said, "don't think there's anything else to say!"

Lying toads. So now they drag me all the way back to London to unleash the latest episode in the continuing saga of Strangeways, an everyday story of rock'n'rolling folk! So what do they do? They've only gone and got themselves a new singer, that's all!! What gives?

Exit Tony Liddell, enter Terry Brock, the band's original choice for vocalist, an American who declined the offer on the grounds that he was already touring with Steve Morse as support to Rush on their US trek. But with persistent pressure from Kevin Elson, Brock was eventually enticed to leave his native America and hook up with Strangeways.

"There was no question, this was the band for me!" he says.

So, Strangeways got the vocalist they wanted in the first place; said vocalist got to be a part of a band just like he'd always wanted; and the journalist got to finish his piece (well, almost).

THE INCLUSION of Terry Brock in the Strangeways line-up will do nothing to stem the inevitable comparisons between this band and Foreigner and their ilk, but what the hell, I like Foreigner *too.* Strangeways are a British band playing British rock with the additional elements of American-style professionalism and attention to detail (like quality backing vocals and arrangements, stuff like that). They have made an album that sounds truly *magnificent* when it comes out of your speakers.

If Strangeways can match their studio prowess in the live arena then I confidently predict very big things for them. Till the next episode unfolds (around the end of the year with the release of the next album), farewell, and let's make this a big one!

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THE SONNI SIDE OF THE STRAITS

With a new single 'Your Latest Trick' just released, MALCOLM DOME talks to DIRE STRAITS' American guitarist JACK SONNI (pictured right), a 'free-and-breezy' stage stylist and definitely much more than MARK KNOPFLER's hired hand

SOMETIMES I wonder if art isn't an elaborate confidence trick . . . especially when it comes to contemporary music. Just take a look at the UK charts; filled with da-doo-ron-ron dandies who can scarcely pick their own noses, let alone pick a guitar.

In today's pop market, more than ever before, a *Sun*-tanned *Sassoon* pout is a highly bankable asset for any record company . . . and then there's Dire Straits. Now, here is an act whose sedentary yet emotive musical odysseys (almost Tin Pan Alley Samuel Beckett) have crossed all demarcations of race, gender and taste. Their records shift millions, their concerts are sold out – and all achieved without a buttery bum, a mammary fixation or a size 10 EEC-approved cucumber stuffed down the trouser front. If good music still counts for anything, then Dire Straits have gone way beyond the abacus.

At the core of the Straits, of course, beats the eloquent heart of Mark Knopfler, a man whose shoe-shuffling vocals and sentient, banjo-esque guitar style is unmistakeable. Awkward to the point of gracefulness and shy to a degree that has become charismatic, Knopfler is *feted* by legends, applauded by princes and acclaimed by the masses; the Glenn Miller of a generation on the edge of a nuclear eclipse, the Byron of the *MTV* blank screen.

Yet, whilst he is very much a high profile figure, there are other members of this band who also make valuable contributions to the overall frieze that is Dire Straits. For the record, American guitarist Jack Sonni is one of them.

NOW, YOU'LL not find *Sonni* bemoaning his lot in the group, no, not at all. In fact, he is as aware as anyone that when Knopfler asked him to join the Straits, he didn't so much land on his feet as pirouette onto the tips of his toes!

Affable and aggressively jovial, street-wise and intelligent, Sonni was born in Pennsylvania and first seriously got into playing the guitar when his parents bought him a *Les Paul* model as a high school graduation present.

"Keith Richards is a particular hero of mine, so I was into playing in his rhythm style almost from the moment I picked up a guitar," recalls Sonni of his beginnings.

Over a considerable number of years, the man played in local acts gaining experience and developing his legs-apart, stoically attacking technique, before finally getting something of a break with late Seventies recording band Peerse Arrow, who achieved nothing long-lasting save for throwing up drummer Bobby Chouinard and bassist Doug Lubahn , both of whom have gone on to find a comfortable *niche* with Billy Squier's group.

Yet, there's little doubt that whilst Peerse Arrow ("rather like a heavy Eagles") never broke through into the big time, nonetheless they gave Sonni a hint for the lifestyle of rock 'n' roll.

But he had to wait until December 1984 before his taste buds could get a buzz off the silver spoon. Then, one day, Mark Knopfler walked into the guitar shop where Sonni worked to help augment his rockin' income . . and offered him the opportunity to replace Hal Lindes!

"I'd actually known Mark for something like five years. He'd often come into the shop (based in Manhattan) and talk with me about various subjects and then one day he asked, out of the blue, if I'd be interested in replacing Hal . . . and I jumped at the chance!"

Sonni was actually recruited during the recording of the 'Brothers In Arms' album, although he doesn't appear on the finished product. And since the beginning of last year, he's been out on the road almost constantly, a sure sign of Dire Straits' ever-increasing high rise success.

"WE JUST keep on adding dates to the tour and as long as people wanna see us live then we'll carry on doing it. In fact, I reckon if we took up all the offers being made, this band could stay out on the road for the next three or four years. The amazing thing is that in all the months we've been playing live promoting this album, there have only been a couple of concerts which *haven't* been sold out!

"I guess we attract basically a more mature audience than the usual rock act. Mark is a romantic songwriter who obviously appeals to an older fan. But we still get our fair share of women; they tend to be more sophisticated than the groupie types you get used to!"

For Sonni, the problems of being a new boy in the Straits are inevitably compounded by the fact that he's a guitarist and consequently very much in the shadow of the sonorous perambulance of Knopfler.

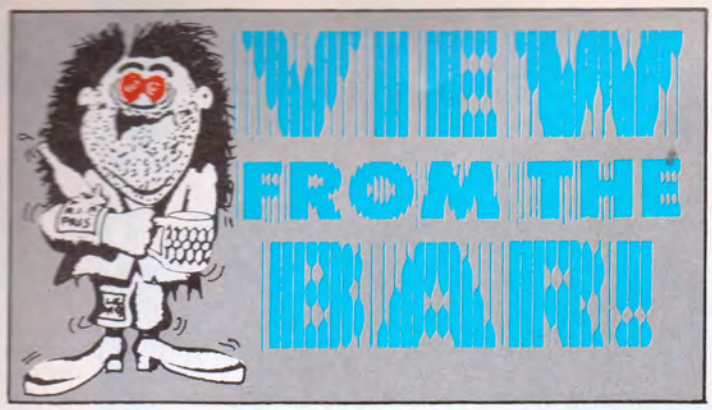
"Actually, there's no difficulty at all. Mark and I are rather different in our guitar approach. I'm more of a heavy rocker with influences ranging from Keith Richards through to Jimi Hendrix and Jeff Beck. On the other hand, Mark is rather more laid back. Therefore, we do complement each other. Another point worth making is that Mark doesn't hog all the solo work onstage. We do swap roles around quite a bit. One night he'll take a particular solo spot and the next night he will offer it to me."

There is no doubt that Sonni has become rather more than a hired backing hand aid during the many months that Dire Straits have been touring. His free-and-breezy approach to stage work coupled with a languid energy has made him an important well-oiled cog in the expanding machine that has rolled over many thousands of people. Yet, as a creative, evocative musician in his own right, anxious to make a lasting contribution at all levels, Sonni does feel that, at an undisclosed spot sometime in the distant future, he will branch out on his own again.

"I had my own band before Mark offered me this job and I'd very much like to get back to that situation once again. You see, I'm more than *just* a guitarist. I write and sing as well and with Dire Straits I won't ever get the chance to develop these sides to my personality because . . well, this is Mark's project. I'd also like to get the opportunity to work with someone like Robert Plant. But all that's well into the future. At the moment I'm grateful to have been given the chance to work alongside Mark Knopfler and he certainly doesn't stifle my playing."

JACK SONNI is a gifted musician who has waited a long time for such a golden fleeced chance to perform in a spotlight as spectacular as the one occupied by Dire Straits. And one day I've a feeling we'll be hailing him as a star in his own right.

Pic Ray Palmer



Pix Ray Palmer

HEAR 'n AID HEROES (from left): Rob Halford (soon to become lead singer with Spider?), George Lynch, Vivian Campbell, Dan Dakken, USA For Africa representative Michael Brokaw and Ronnie James Dio. Inset pic shows Bob Geldof (right) with super-smug* Radio One *DJ Simon Bates

SURE, WHY NOT? We came, we heard, we ligged.

Ronnie James Dio's Hear 'n Aid project was officially launched at London's *Hard Rock Café* in the presence of lots of important people (well, some, well, a few, well, OK, *we* were there!). And who were we, after all, to turn down a free drink – and all in the name of a good cause too??!!

The *Kerrang!* Krew turned out in force (and we mean FORCE! F**k the telephones and the typewriters, the office was *abandoned!*). **Bishop Bonutto**, **Doc Doom**, '**Krusher**' **Joule**, **Xavier Russell**, **Walls Mick 'n' Linda**, **Pooh Palmer**, **Quit Kroaning**, **Del Boy** (strangely minus hot water bottle), ad-man **Steve McTaggart** and even office *debutantes*, the soon-departing **Janice** and the recently-dole-queued **Fiona** of *Debretts* fame, swung a leg or two. **Sylvie Simmons** couldn't make this one but sent husband **Liam** (**Sternberg**) to fly the flag for her! Even renowned *VFTB* gate-krasher **Dave Dickson** got sent an invite.

While it struck us as a little curious that this essentially American project should be launched in London (thus ensuring that most of the participants couldn't be there – or maybe this WAS the reason!), and even more perversely that this effort to relieve famine in Africa was held in an over-priced hamburger joint, we were mightily impressed by the organisation of it all (and it certainly didn't stop us tucking into a free cheeseburger!).

Stars-wise, everyone from **Dio** was there, including The Man himself and project originators **Jimmy Bain** and ex-Dio man **Vivian Campbell**. **Jack Blades** and **Kelly Keagy** from **Night Ranger** showed up despite not being on the record, but then so did **Whitesnake**'s **Neil Murray** – still, at least he lent the 'lig' some air of legitimacy; after all, a lig without Neil Murray is no lig at all!

The World's Greatest Human Being, **Bob Geldof**, dropped in to add his support and disclaim any responsibility for the project: "I had f**k all to do with this, actually!" he declared. But without Bob none of this would have happened, so that wasn't really important. And as a counter snub to Geldof not being honoured at New Year by the Government, Mrs Thatcher was sent a Hear 'n Aid invite to *McDonalds* on a totally different day. That'll teach the miserable bitch!

Meantime, **Dan Dakken** of **Dakken** waltzed in with his hat while **Rob Halford** of **Judas Priest** tangoed in with the ever-more-lovely **Jayne** (now ensconced at the Judas Priest office). Jayne quickly ensnared the none-too-awake Dickson (this was only 1pm after all!), claiming that Halford wanted to thank him for his rave album review (issue 117). A slightly suspicious vole (remember issue 59?) approached warily, armed only with a pack of *Opal Fruits!* But he needn't have worried, Halford was bouncing around like a bunny on heat, chuffed at the news that said epic LP ('Turbo') had rocketed up the *Billboard* charts to Number 20 with a what? With a what? With a bullet! Halford and Dickson spent the rest of the afternoon with self-satisfied 'I-told-you-so' grins on their faces!

And talking of smugness, **Simon Bates**, the *Radio One* DJ, accepted new Dio guitarist **Craig Goldie**'s guitar as a donation to the cause, announcing that the *Hard Rock Café* would be giving $2000 for every Hear 'n Aid guitar similarly given over. We more cynical *VFTB* hacks could swear we heard the sound of menu-prices being re-typed in the kitchens even as this generous offer was being made.

But, all in all, a day when us HM types could feel justly proud of ourselves. All you've gotta do now is go out and buy the single, '**Stars**', and the forthcoming album, both on the *Vertigo* label in the UK, and everything in the world could begin to be hunky dory!

The full track-listing for the (single) album, titled '**Hear 'n Aid The Album – Various Artists**' and due for release on May 9, is as follows: 'Stars' (12" version); **Kiss**, '**Heaven's On Fire**' (live); Dio, '**Hungry For Heaven**' (live); **Rush**, '**Distant Early Warning**' (live); **Y&T**, '**Go For The Throat**'; **Blue Öyster Cult**, '**Wings Of Mercury**' (live); the **Scorpions**, '**The Zoo**' (live); **Accept**, '**Up To The Limit**'; **Jimi Hendrix**, '**Can You See Me**'; **Motörhead** (to be announced).

"IT'Z A VAIR cop, guvfuehrer!" sez cuddly Udo and pervy Pete. Monica opens her mouth wide and grins for the camera . . .

YEAH, WE'VE been there, seen it, done it, drunk it, snorted it, bought the T-shirt and got sent the kiss-o-gram . . . In this particularly squalid instance, back at the *Holiday Inn* in Chelsea, where **Udo Dirkschneider** and **Peter Baltes** from **Accept** were celebrating in fine post-gig style after the band's show at the *Hammersmith Odeon*. The occasion was the shared birthday party for both Udo and Peter and who should turn up as the official kiss-o-thingy but none other than the 'luscious', 'lascivious', and, uh . . . oh God, what's her name? **Monica!** Monica of **Oral**! Right, right, right.

Anyhow, the bint shows up dressed like the female filth (shock! Horror! Whatever else next? Well blow me down with a rubber sex appliance, *etc, etc*), and the next thing you know she's discarded her uniform and started plating kisses – hang on, I think we mean *planting* kisses here, right? Oh well, suit yourself – all over Udo and Peter's happy mugs.

What fun we all had. And if your mother catches you in the toilet with these accompanying (dirty) pix there'll really be hell to pay . . .

"NEIN, IT'Z a blonde cop!" Udo decides on closer examination

***MONICA DISPLAYS a metal heart (both of them) and Udo chomps the crop . . .* (No, it doesn't make any sense to me either – Ed.)**

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NEIL CARTER (left) and BOB DAISLEY of the Gary Moore Band give their XXpert assessments of the Aria Pro II XX Deluxe and XXB Deluxe respectively: 'available in a variety of distinctive styles and colours, so that you can match them to your spandex . . .'

Pic Ray Palmer

HEARD IT ON THE XX

ARIA PRO II XX DELUXE
RRP: £449

IT'S TAKEN a long time for the manufacturers around the world to cotton on to the fact that HM and hard rock guitarists demand guitars that suit the image of their music.

In the past it's been down to customising your axe to suit your needs – better pick-ups maybe, or perhaps a flash new tremolo system. But, over the past few months, there have been some definitive ROCK guitars released – a trend that was well in evidence at the *Frankfurt Music Messe* this February. *Aria* are one company that has looked very specifically at the HM market, and they've developed the *Pro II* series into a sort of specialist *marque* for guitars (and basses) with a variety of distinctive styles and colours, so that you can match them to your spandex . . .

I've never really liked the *Flying V* design; you can't sit down and play the damn thing for starters – it just slides down your leg. So it's strap time, and more often than not the guitar will refuse to 'hang' properly on the strap, resulting in tired shoulders and backache. I also recall that other (original) models of the *V* are 100 per cent pure unadulterated swines to play, with poor sustain qualities and not particularly exciting output.

It was with some surprise then, that I strapped on the *XX Deluxe* for the first time. I would imagine that a similar feeling is experienced if you ride a 50cc bike and discover you can burn off 750's at traffic lights . . .

So, starting with the rather prominent tremolo system, this is *Aria*'s own *ACT 3* system, complete with now obligatory nut lock. The tremolo stands up from the body of the guitar and consists of six 'carriages' made up of the front block, saddles, then through the block itself and into a metal tube which protrudes from the bottom. The string is fed down this tube until the ball-end engages inside it – and the tube then becomes a fine tuner! There is a thread on the tube, and when this is turned (like the *Steinberger* system) it lengthens and shortens and so tunes the string.

This is a clever system, but the addition of six further screws on the top of the tremolo had me stumped for a while, but they are actually micro-adjusters, allowing for even more sensitive tuning than the fine tuners themselves.

With the nut lock tightly clamped, I laid into the *XX Deluxe* with a spot of malice. Strings were flopping all over the guitar body, and I even held the guitar by the tremolo arm and bumped it up and down a few times – no problems with tuning at all. The problems came with the volume . . . the *XX Deluxe* is just LOUD.

The twin blades that are the magnets within the *Aria* pick-ups are designed for exceptional output, while not 'losing' the sound of the strings when the tremolo is used to the extreme. (With conventional pick-ups the six poles in the pick-up can lose the sound from the string when the trem is used – the string just moving out of pick-up range.) The pick-ups here certainly didn't lose the string sound, just a certain amount of tone.

The bridge pick-up is OTT when it comes to winding this beastie up to reasonable volume levels. Generating great Van Halen sounds, the tone control can then be used to put the sound anywhere from AC to ZZ.

The so-called 'artificial harmonics' are very prominent indeed – and the space between the pick-ups is sufficient to 'find' the right point on the string for the playing of these strange ethereal notes.

The neck pick-up, on the other hand, is a little dull in comparison. The volume is still there, but instead of just developing a deeper tone to the sound, it becomes rather muddy. But, playing powerchords at 300 MPH while laying into the wang bar proved that it can generate a sweet sustain – Yngwie had better watch it while this beauty is about.

And so to the neck. This is very slim, and the design of the guitar makes access to the upper frets a doddle. But why only 22 frets? There is space here, and a *real* need, for 24 frets so that the double octaves can be played – how about it, *Aria?* Players of guitars like the *Gibson SG* or the newer *Westones* might find the heel, where the guitar joins the body, a bit of a dead stop (*Aria* call it a 'Smooth Joint'!) but you get used to it, and it is simply a case of getting the hand angle right for lead work up there.

The frets are great big fat things, with a nicely rounded profile that gives enough camber to prevent the strings being 'choked off' when the string is bent. Nice.

At the top is a graphite-based nut, followed by the nut lock itself. Usual design, this one, with three allen key bolts on three separate locks with two strings apiece. Changing strings is fiddly, and can cost you a fingernail or two unless you know what you're

doing. Once clamped down, they hold the strings very tightly indeed, allowing the aforementioned assault and battery on the tremolo to take place. The tuning heads (though almost redundant because of the nut lock) are *Aria Pro II* models – good positive tuning, with little slipping.

However, the old arguments about the *Flying V* don't all go out of the window with regard to the *XX Deluxe* – it still gives me an ache in the shoulder. One theory is that because the strap is anchored at the end of the upper part of the *V* and at the back of the body/neck joint, it only touches the player's body at the shoulder – putting the total weight of the guitar (seven-and-a-half pounds) at that point. That's the theory, anyway (thanks Pete . . .), and it seems to hold true. The only solution is to move the strap button from the end of the V and place it further in, or get a wider strap to spread the load a bit.

As for the sound from this monster . . . I'm very impressed. Not only does it generate the mega Metal blat! we know and love (?!), it is also capable of quite a lot more gentle sounds, such as the lighter elements of Tull or Marillion. But that's an added extra, for the *XX Deluxe* was built for sonic demolition contractors, and as such will quite happily blitz the neighbourhood in fine style.

Frash it and see!

TIM OAKES

ARIA PRO II XXB DELUXE
RRP: £349

SLIGHTLY LARGER than the *XX* guitar, the *XXB* bass version provides the perfect match for bands who like to keep their image stable – or it'll suit anyone with a streak of hooliganism in them. Fact is, the *XXB* is certainly a rock bass – the sound from it is a grinding roar that belts out riffola like there's no tomorrow.

With the same layout as the guitar (minus the tremolo), the *XXB* features two *Aria* bass pick-ups and the standard volume, tone and pick-up selector controls. The neck is only slightly thicker than the guitar, and even people with small hands should be able to get their digits round this one.

The strap problem is again evident, and the extra two pounds of weight does tell on the old bones after a while, but I managed to locate a four-inch wide padded leather strap (what luxury!) and this helped a great deal.

Like the *BC Rich* we reviewed a few months ago, the *XXB* isn't a very versatile instrument. The bridge pick-up provides a sharp powerful sound, a bit too toppy for my tastes but it can be muted down with the tone control.

If you want examples of this sound, bend an ear in the direction of Metallica or Wrathchild – this sort of blam-blam-blam attack is meat and drink to the *XXB*, and the sustain is excellent.

The neck pick-up is, like the guitar version, not lacking in volume, but again the tone is more of a grunt than a growl. At low volumes this isn't so prominent, but through a suitably large stack the rather unsubtle tones need the beef of an equaliser or a good tone section to the amp before you can shape it into something you can live with.

On basses of this type, it is quite common to find that the volume control will take the tone down a notch. Here, the sound remains the same – just less of it . . . This may be good for consistency, but it ain't all that useful when the time comes for a prog rock introduction to a song – nice, sweet guitar sounds, gentle vocals, and this dirty great bass burp exploding in the background.

Sorry *Aria*, but while you're to be congratulated on a truly exciting piece of bass art, it does need some limiting control on the tone so that it can be used, where necessary, for a more rounded sort of sound.

On another point, very physical players will be pleased to note the neatly rounded pick-up covers, which don't tear your thumb off – but won't be too chuffed with the edge of the bridge, where there is no protection from the bridge saddles. Count your fingers after every gig . . .

To conclude then, the *XXB* is an excellent HM bass; it has the sort of grinding, overbearing raunch that is usually associated with mutant *Fender Precisions* or hotwired *Rickenbackers*, and the various shades of tone that are available from both the pick-ups and the tone control should suit most styles of frash, HM and hard rock – but not prog. But, if what you want is a mean, no-nonsense headbangin' bass, then the *XXB* is for you.

Frankly, it's the bass equivalent of a pneumatic drill – so after you've razed the street to the ground with the guitar, you have the option of taking out the foundations as well . . .

TIM OAKES

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I.R.S.

LITTLE BIG MAN

"Walk tall, because small is beautiful!" proclaims diminutive DAVE DICKSON as he comes face to face with the equally diminutive RONNIE JAMES DIO (pictured far right with new guitarist CRAIG GOLDIE)

THERE IS a prevailing theory amongst certain historical psychoanalysts that small people often prove the most dangerous, the most brutal, the most tenaciously eager to succeed at whatever cost, by virtue of their very stature, or rather lack of it. Julius Caesar, Napoleon Bonaparte, Adolf Hitler – all were great conquerors of their time and all were remarkably lacking in inches. The theory goes that these folk were compensating for their small size by dramatising their actions, political and otherwise, on a global scale. Their bodies may have been little but their plans (not to mention their historical significance *and* their egos) were not.

Taking this theory a stage further it could be argued that had these people (and numerous others besides) been born with a more generous endowment of inches then the Roman Empire might never have civilised the known world, Napoleon brandy and Waterloo might never have reached any level of import, and World War II could have been avoided altogether with a quiet chat over coffee and digestives. This theory at least holds more water than the Ronnie Wood/ Keith Richard premise that if Hitler had been called Biff instead of Adolf WWII need never have happened (see issue 116).

There is also a separate, though not unconnected, theory that small people make better lovers, though it has to be added that this particular argument is mostly propounded by small people themselves, perhaps proving at least the first theory to be correct.

Now whether this first theory applies to Ronnie James Dio is, of course, open to conjecture. He is certainly small and by the same token he is also an achiever. When Tony Iommi referred to him as a "little Hitler" (issue 35) he was displaying a marked historical ignorance since Dio and Hitler weren't that dissimilar, *size-wise*. Nor, perhaps, in their ambitions – the difference surely comes in the execution of those ambitions.

While both had or have world domination in mind, the one sought to achieve it by rolling tanks through neighbouring countries, the other by creating one of the finest Hard Rock bands in the world. You know, it's a pity Biff Hitler couldn't play the guitar because then. . .

If Ronnie James Dio is compensating for his lack of stature by unleashing some potent rock'n'roll then that's OK by me, and it certainly seems to meet the approval of the legions of fans he's accrued around the world. Why he does what he does seems almost immaterial; the fact that he does it, and does it to a higher standard than a great many of his contemparories, seems much more to the point.

Ronnie James Dio would probably want his music to carry his message for him and escape the 'cult of the personality' that we in this country in particular seem so anxious to pin on our heroes. Heroes aren't allowed just to be artists, they have to be thinkers, philosophers, hold doctrines on all manner of unrelated subjects – unrelated to their art, that is, not perhaps to our thirst for controversy.

I HAD never met Dio prior to this interview, but then that's hardly surprising. Dio is not a man engaged in the search for the eternal party, his name never crops up in the gossip columns (inside or out of the music press), and he does not appear to enjoy the extra-curricular trappings of the industry. Instead, there is about him an undeniable aura of intensity, a single-minded dedication to. . . what? His music, his art, his band? All this, certainly, along with an intensity to *succeed* – on his own terms.

Despite shying away from the offstage spotlights, Ronnie James Dio has *still* managed to attain a reputation in the business; a reputation for callousness, for egocentricity, for domineering, for being, as I put it to him, "a bit of a bastard". And yet, if you think about it, this reputation, while not being wholly undeserved (no-one gets to the top in a cut-throat business like rock'n'roll without either having a touch of the bastard about him or his management – or best of all, both of them having it!), is at least a little misdirected. He seems to have garnered this reputation almost by association – with other even more *reputedly* unsavoury characters such as Ritchie Blackmore and Black Sabbath – rather than by any action directly attributable to himself.

After all, it wasn't Dio who sacked his former Elf colleagues from the newly created Rainbow; nor was he directly involved in the many sackings that followed in the ill-fated career of the band whose membership totalled a staggering 18 people in its nine-year history! Dio also argues that it wasn't anything *he* did that brought about his dismissal from the ranks of Black Sabbath, nor, now that he has given one of his own band (Vivian Campbell) his marching orders, will he admit to charges of ego-clashes or an unbending, unreasonable attitude. There are no flies on Ronnie James Dio.

He doesn't strike me as being a man with much of a sense of humour, though. Mind you, it's hardly fair to make these judgements on the basis of one meeting lasting no more than a couple of hours. It's just that the impression of deep, almost religious intensity the man exudes runs counter to the idea of him being good for a laugh and a joke.

And impressions are all we have to go on with Dio. So little is actually known about the man himself (hence the build-up of his 'hard-man' reputation – he's rarely around to check the spread of such stories); nor does he seem particularly anxious to let any journalist close enough to discover his *true* character. After all, when the facts remain a mystery the British press is never exactly reticent to make them up, truth taking flight on a wing and a prayer.

Think about it; how much do we actually *know* about Ronnie James Dio? To all intents and purposes the man emerged from the relative obscurity of New York bar band Elf to fame and (we imagine) fortune fronting Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow in 1975. Since then his movements have been well documented but his pre-Rainbow days seem shrouded in secrecy.

We are told (in his record company biog) that Ronnie James Dio was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and grew up in Cortland, New York, where he studied classical trumpet, something to which he now attributes his remarkable vocal prowess, learning at an early age just how to breathe properly. But we are *not* told *when* he was born, neither are we told his *real* name, Padovano, a secret so closely guarded that not even his friend and colleague in Rainbow (and now Dio) bassist Jimmy Bain was privy to it until he happened to be staying in Ronnie's flat one time and came across some prescription medicine bottles in the bathroom cabinet ascribed to a 'Mr Padovano'.

"Hey, Ronnie, who's this 'Padovano' fellow?" enquired Bain, quite innocently, and then the truth would out.

ACCORDING TO the Rainbow family tree included in some editions of the recent 'Finyl Vinyl' album, Ronnie James Dio played bass in a band called the Vegas Kings from 1957 to 1961, the group later mutating into Ronnie Dio & The Prophets with Dio taking up the vocals. This band lasted until 1967 when they caught the psychedelic bug, Dio then teaming up with his cousin, David Feinstein (later 'Rock' Feinstein of the Rods fame), in the Electric Elves. The Electric Elves stopped being Electric in 1970 and simply became Elf, and a couple of years later Dio laid down his bass for the last time and concentrated on being a frontman.

Elf came to the attention of Roger Glover who produced some albums for them and got them the support slot on some Deep Purple outings just around the time when Ritchie Blackmore was becoming dissatisfied with his lot and aching to form his own band. The rest, as we know, has become easily traceable history. But little of the preceding few paragraphs is common knowledge and Dio seems content for it to remain so.

If there are skeletons in the Dio closest they are now buried so deep as to become almost irrelevant. A few details may be of enduring interest, such as the *real* reason he was sacked from Rainbow, but the fact is that Dio is a man who inspires fascination primarily through his music and its strength and the strength of the man from which it stems. Ronnie James Dio has an unshakeable belief in himself, the music he creates and the vehicle through which he creates it, in this case, finally, a band that bears not only his name but also his own distinctive musical trademarks.

In many ways his stints with Rainbow and then Black Sabbath were merely dry-runs for the work he is now producing with Dio, the band, for if you listen to the back catalogue material of those outfits whilst Dio was a member then many of the tracks could easily have found their way onto Dio albums; only the *manner* in which those songs were executed is different from band to band. This stamping of his musical authority on his exploits over the last decade may well have led to the accusations of him being *domineering*. I prefer to think of him as an authoritative figure using that authority to the best of his ability, to the best advantage of his situation. Doubtless, Messrs Butler and Iommi would disagree.

I believe Ronnie James Dio to be an honest and forthright character – if, as I suggest earlier, a little humourless; his commitment and integrity cannot seriously be called into question. I believe what he says to be the truth, or at least the truth as he sees it (*truth*, let's face it, is a pretty subjective quantity!). After all, we are talking here about the man who managed to mobilise the forces of Heavy Metal for the benefit of Ethiopian famine relief, even if it wasn't his idea in the first place. You just don't do something like that if you're as big a bastard as some would have you portrayed.

So here's Ronnie James Dio in town and in conversation, one guitarist recently dismissed, another hired who's just played

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Pic Ross Halfin

LITTLE

FROM PAGE 34

his first ever gig with the band in front of three million viewers on *The Tube's* 100th edition, no new product in the pipeline (except for a song, 'Hide In The Rainbow', on a soundtrack album), but a scattering of UK dates in the offing this month. First, however, the scam on Vivian Campbell.

"I didn't feel that Vivian Campbell really cared about the music we were making anymore, he even told me he didn't want to be a Guitar Hero anymore, and what's an HM band without a Guitar Hero? It makes no sense to me"

"LET ME preface this by saying I'm not in the business of trying to destroy Vivian or his career, or trying to hurt him in any way. What Viv did in this band was great when he did it, when he *wanted* to do it – and *that* really became the problem. I didn't feel that Vivian really cared about the music we were making anymore; he even told me he didn't want to be a Guitar Hero anymore, and what's an HM band without a Guitar Hero? It makes no sense to me.

"And he put another band together himself, called Trinity, while he was still in Dio – even that I didn't mind so much because I've always told the people in the band that I want them to do other things. I think it's important tc grow as musicians and as individuals, otherwise your music and your thoughts become very one-dimensional. But I think he took it a little too far, he started to remind me of someone who wanted to be in the Thompson Twins.

"I haven't heard the music Vivian's doing now but a reliable source told me it smacked a lot of reggae and New Music, and I didn't think that was going to be a very good representation for this band.

"For someone so young in this business, to go from being hardly know at all to worldwide success and acclaim, I think it went to his head a little bit. I think he started believing what people around him were saying: You're the best, *etc, etc* – and if you believe them then I really think you're deluding yourself. You're a fool if you believe that kind of thing, I never would.

"People used to say to me: You're the best thing that ever happened to Rainbow or Sabbath! And I'd just say, well, thank you very much for the compliment but that's stupid, it's supposed to be a band and if it's a band we *all* have to contribute.

"I'm not a guitar player, I asked Vivian to be the guitar player the same way I asked Vinnie to be the drummer and not to be the singer. I just felt it got to a point where it wasn't working on a personal level and how can a band make good music if it isn't?

"I decided that probably the best thing I could do for Vivian was not to have him in the band anymore; at least he'd then have the opportunity to find out what *he* wants to do."

DO YOU think Vivian knew what he wanted to do when he joined Dio?

"He knew what I wanted from him and he did that very well in the beginning, but I felt he'd become very *un*productive towards the end. The first album wasn't quite so bad because anything you do *new* is usually full of energy, full of happiness and a great album can only be made if you're happy. By the second album I could see the shift in personality. After one album I felt he thought he knew more than anyone else; after all, he did do one album so I guess he should have known more than the rest of us who have been in this business a little longer than he. By the third album I found him almost completely non-productive. Even from his own lips: 'I was unproductive because I didn't feel like being productive'.

"Vivian's got great tools but you have to have the attitude to go with those tools. And maybe this (Trinity) is what he should do, maybe U2 is what he wants to be, maybe he wants to be The Edge, but whatever he does I think he'll make some good music; I hope he does, he deserves to.

"But there's a new version of this band now, luckily with only one change – and that's something I always wanted to avoid because I've been in so many bands that have chopped and changed, especially Rainbow where if you didn't have a day-by-day programme you'd never know who was in the band! I desperately wanted to avoid that."

Yeah, aside from Ritchie, 17 people passed through Rainbow in nine years. . .

"Really?! That's unbelievable! I just think that's horrendous, that's a sin, how can you possibly have a thread of continuity going through a band like that?

"And the worst part is for the players in the band. You're always in fear of your job and you never know who you can open up to. You open up your soul to the new bass player – and suddenly he's gone! A band needs to have friends within it. In Rainbow Mark II Jimmy Bain was my best friend and suddenly he was gone and I couldn't understand why, although Ritchie had his own reasons for that. (The story goes that Blackmore objected to Bain calling him 'Baldy' in a fit of pique!)

"Well, I started to withdraw a little but I still had Cozy (Powell), and then Bob Daisley came in and became a good friend, and then he was gone and everything fell apart.

"But that's something I never wanted in this band and I tried to explain to everybody, I think successfully, that I was doing this (sacking Campbell) for *their* good as well. There has to be one person in a band who says yes and no, without it you have Black Sabbath – and I was in that band, I know what that's like! I don't want someone whose opinion I don't respect making decisions for me, someone who always makes the wrong decision making a decision for the rest of us just because his one 'No' vote means it can't happen! That's a wrong kind of democracy to me. I think it can only be a democracy with a dictator, a dictator who usually makes the right decisions.

"I've been very fortunate, I've made the right decisions throughout most of my life, *musically* – personally, that's a different matter – but musically I have made the right decisions so I'll continue to make them until I'm proven wrong. When I am, someone else will have to make the decisions, not me.

"The watchword in this band has always been 'honesty' – that means that Vivian Campbell doesn't get fired without being told why, or even not being told at all! That's not what happened; I had my talk with Vivian – my *shout* with Vivian – and he may not understand it to this day but the band has to survive over the whims of one person. I felt Vivian's attitude was wrong, that he didn't care enough about this band, and this band is the only thing I *do* care about. It's my child and I'm not going to let anyone hurt my child."

SO WHERE does Craig Goldie come into the picture?

"I first heard Craig play about five years ago when he auditioned for a band I've had a lot to do with, Rough Cutt. He was only 17 at the time but I thought, this kid's great! I was really knocked out by him. Since then he's played with Giuffria, but he was thrown out of that band because he was considered a 'Metal Head'! *Great!* Strike one in your favour, man!

"He was weaned on the same kind of music I was, Rainbow, Deep Purple, he likes the same kind of things I do and he *wanted* to be in this band. I couldn't ask for anything more than that. . . *and* he's a great player. He might be a bit tall but we'll cut him down to size!

"I like his attitude and I'm hoping this will last for as long as it can – I'm not stupid enough to think that it'll last forever, nothing lasts forever. But you won't see 17 people parading in and out of this band."

Was Goldie's appearance on the Hear'n Aid single, 'Stars', what brought him back into focus for you?

"That certainly was a great help. He was only in Rough Cutt for about a year and then he went to Giuffria, although I never listened to their product, it just wasn't my kind of material, but I'd always remembered how good *he* was. He's one of the few people I've ever just gone in and jammed with. The day he auditioned I went in and sang with him because I was so impressed, and right away he did what a guitar player should do with a vocalist, he traded off me, he was imaginative – and he didn't look up my ass either!

"I hate that when people stick their heads so far up my behind! I don't want to be praised, that's stupid and maudlin. Craig was just an honest and sincere person who liked what I had done but didn't gloss me over.

"So I remembered him from that, of course, and I've kept in contact with him for no other reason than he's my friend; he was my first and logical choice (to replace Campbell).

"Craig was most recently in a band called Driver with drummer Tommy Aldridge and bassist Rudy Sarzo and I took him from them before the band had really got themselves together. I didn't want to disrupt a young band's chance for success, so hopefully I didn't take him at the wrong time; but I guess I did, although I didn't do it viciously, I didn't take him when they were so dependent on him. . . but business is business."

YOU CERTAINLY have a reputation for being a hard bastard who would screw anyone over to get what you want, possibly by association though.

"I can't understand that because I've never been like that. I'm always pictured that way, probably because the people I've worked with have said things about me on my departure – Sabbath said the most horrible things about me for six months until I started replying in kind. At first I chose not to reply and then when I did I was so vicious about it it probably *did* make me look like a rotten little bastard

"And maybe there is a little bit of truth in that, maybe I am a rotten little bastard at times. I don't think I am – I'm aggressive, I'm intense, I care about what I do, but I care about other people too.

"All I can say is, if I'm as bad as I'm portrayed by Ritchie and Tony then why weren't they on the project we just did to save some lives? Now we know who the bastards are, don't we? They were offered the chance."

And they turned it down?

"Uh-huh. In Tony's case he did Live Aid so I'll give him his due on that one. As far as Ritchie goes, I thought his absence was incredibly conspicuous. He hasn't done anything – but then again, that's the Deep Purple money-machine in operation. The 'Stars' record is not something I did to point out the things I do for humanity or to prove I'm a wonderful person, I'm not looking for any praise for that. All I'm looking for from this situation is to stop people starving.

"But at least I did *something*, and the people who called me 'Little Hitler' or whatever weren't there to help. Maybe it proves in some little way that I'm not quite as bad as people think I am.

"The only sour grapes I have was the fact that here was a great opportunity for a lot of people to contribute only their time and their talent to help children who're starving in this world, and they didn't do it! And I find that despicable, absolutely despicable! I have no regard for those people at all, they deserve to be there with their mouths open starving the same as those poor children!"

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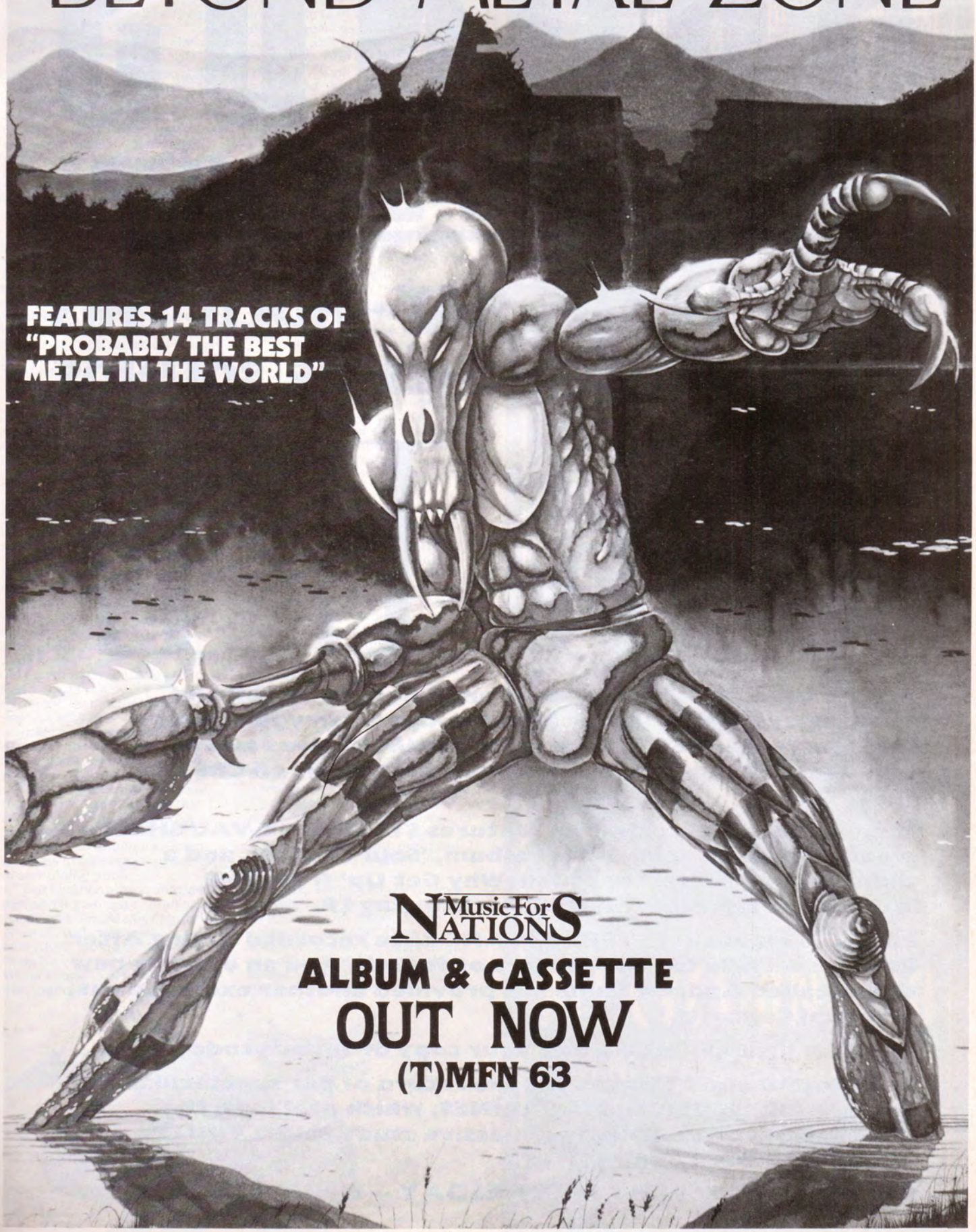

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LITTLE

FROM PAGE 36

MOVING ON, you've written a song for the 'Iron Eagle' soundtrack, 'Hide In The Rainbow', how did that come about?

,"We'd already done one for a film called 'Vision Quest' ('Hungry For Heaven'), which has not been released here and probably won't be, and probably doesn't deserve to be! Because of the success of the 'Vision Quest' soundtrack we were asked to do another one for 'Iron Eagle'. The whole premise of the movie is this 16-year-old kid who flies an F-111 while listening to rock music – so they needed rock music and rock bands for it. So we consented to do it.

"I find it interesting to do film pieces and it's nice to be able to write for a purpose, to have the idea laid out before you, it makes my job a lot easier. And film is always something I've liked to be involved in. In fact, I will be doing my own film – not with me as an actor, but a film based on fantasy and done in a very strange way."

Is this the animated film I've heard talk about?

"It was going to be an animated movie but I've changed my opinion of it now. I think it will come more alive if it's done more like a *'Star Wars'* situation. I think that'll put it more into today's world whereas animation could tend to make it more like *'The Flintstones'* or *'Bugs Bunny'*. My idea of animation was always what Walt Disney did with *'Fantasia'* or *'The Jungle Book'*. But I think now, with the technology we have, with the great make-up artists we have, with just the great imagination that's running rampant throughout the film industry, I think it would come alive more if I did it in that particular way. So that's what I will do."

Certainly, Disney have come unstuck with their more recent animations because you look at a cartoon and you know it's not real, but you can believe in 'Star Wars'!

"That's right, which is one of the reasons I've shifted to this other idea. I don't want to be laughed at for the films I do, I want to be an innovator – or in this case even a *copier*, a copier of something good.

"But film has always interested me, and it's a great combination, music and film. Music colours life anyway, without music everything would be grey and drab. So why not take the great visual energies of film and put that together with a great story and some great music, I think it would work marvellously. Almost all of my life I've wanted to do something like that, and now it looks like I'll have the opportunity."

Do you see film as something you want to move into when you finish with Dio or as a parallel career?

"As a parallel. I don't ever plan to stop, I don't ever plan *not* to be in Dio. My plan is always to have this as the basis for my life, I won't be able to do this forever but I reckon I'm good for another 15 years. I'll still be whacking out music here and there, singing and hopefully performing.

"But no, I want to do this film using other people. I want to use the people within Dio; people like David Lee Roth could be one of the characters. Someone like Pat Benatar maybe as the Evil Princess, or maybe Kate Bush. I want to take these great performers and place them inside the (film) technology of today. These are the things I want to do – I want to do everything! Everything that my mind can conceive, I want to do. Why should I or anyone else say I must be limited to playing music!

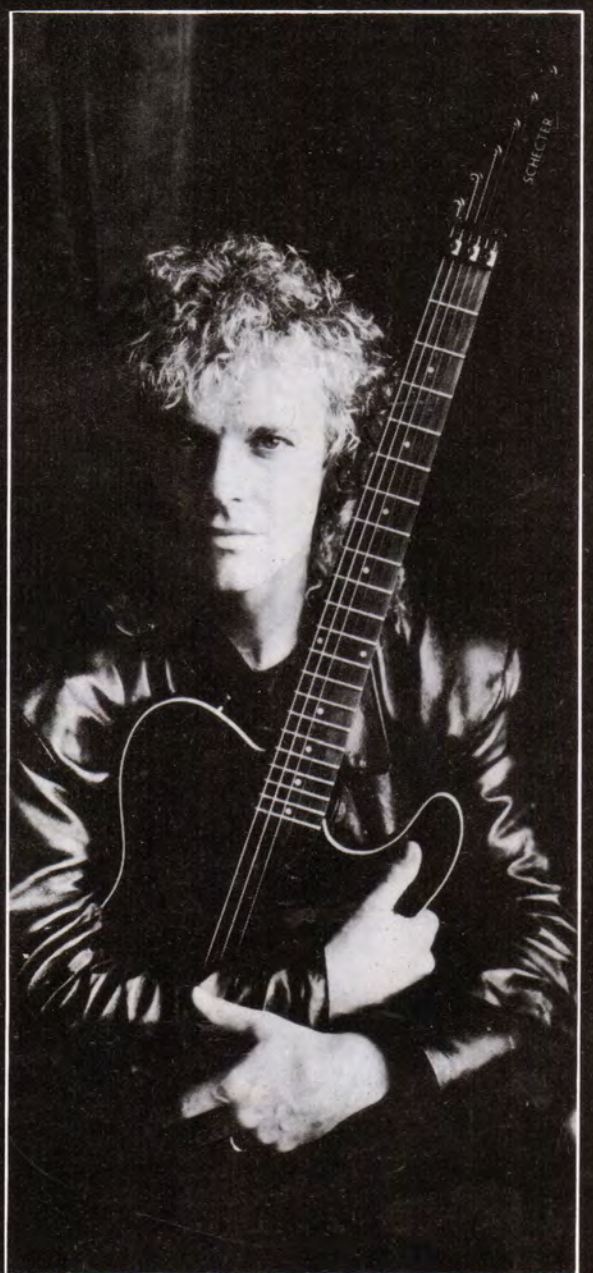
"But I'll continue making music, it doesn't matter to me what people say about it. I make music for the people out there, I don't make music for critics, I make it for the kids who've always been loyal and supportive of me and I'll continue to do it. And I'll give them something new and exciting whenever I have the opportunity."

DIO WILL take that opportunity in the not too distant future when his band release an EP featuring tracks from all their albums along with 'Hide In The Rainbow'. No new material can be expected much before next year given that the band have a new guitarist to break in before he can contribute to the composing side of the Dio operation. (*Not sure about that. Apparently, Dio and Goldie have already written a new song together! – Ed*).

In the meantime, Ronnie James Dio will be unveiling the pot of Gold(ie) at the end of his particular rainbow during a short UK tour this month, replete with robot dragons and lasers (at least at some of the shows) – you should leave no stone unturned, no angle untried in order to obtain tickets.

Ronnie James Dio will always provide value for money; he may be small but he is beautifully packaged, and *that*, as we all know, is the way the best things come. Although Messrs Butler, Iommi and Blackmore may not necessarily agree. . .

PETER FRAMPTON



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NEWS

■ *POLYDOR* HAVE just issued a five-album boxed set from the **Velvet Underground**, featuring the LPs **'Velvet Underground And Nico'**, **'White Light/White Heat'**, **'The Velvet Underground'** and **'VU'** (all in their original sleeves) plus **'Another View'**, a compilation of previously unreleased cuts. The full track listing for 'Another View' is:

Side One: **'We're Gonna Have A Good Time Together'** (a studio recording from September 1969), **'I'm Gonna Move Right In'** (a studio recording from September 1969), **'Hey Mr. Rain (Version 1)'** (an acoustic studio recording from May 1969), **'Right Into The Sun'** (a studio recording from September 1969) and **'Coney Island Steeplechase'** (a studio recording from May 1969).

Side Two: **'Guess I'm Falling In Love'** (a studio instrumental recording from December 1967), **'Hey Mr. Rain (Version 2)'** (a studio recording from May 1968), **'Ferryboat Bill'** (a studio recording from June 1969) and **'Rock And Roll (Original Version)'** (a studio recording from June 1969).

In addition, a 24-page booklet is included with the records.

■ **KATRINA & THE WAVES** have just issued their second album, **'Waves'**, through the *Capitol* label. It was produced in London by the band with **Pat Collier** and **Scott Litt**.

■ *NEW RENAISSANCE RECORDS* issue **'Speed Metal Hell II'** later this month. This is the second in a series of Speed Metal compilations and features the following track listing: **'Rapechase'** (**At War**), **'Loving Tribute'/'Burned Alive'** (**Mayhem**), **'Plague Of Messiah'** (**Samhain**), **'Neckbreaker'** (**Anvil Bitch**), **'The Crown Of Thorns'** (**Savage Thrust**), **'Burned Alive'** (**Deathrash**), **'Metal Slaughter'** (**Aggression**), **'Don't Get Mad . . . Get Evil'** (**Tempter**), **'Hammerhead'** (**Flotsam & Jetsam**), **'Day Of Attonement'** (**Wargod**), **'Cracks Under The Ice'** (**Outrage**) and **'Ready To Die'** (**Post Mortem**).

The cassette version will feature an extra number, *viz* **'Burning Deep Below'** from **Annihilation**.

■ ***AEROSMITH*** *(pictured above) have just put out* ***'Classics Live'*** *through the* CBS *label in the US. Recorded at various live shows during the period 1977-83, the LP was produced by* ***Paul O'Neill*** *and has the following track listing:*

Side One: ***'Train Kept A'Rollin''***, ***'Kings And Queens'***, ***'Sweet Emotion'*** *and* ***'Dream On'***.

Side Two: ***'Mama Kin'***, ***'Three Mile Smile'/ 'Reefer Headed Woman'***, ***'Lord Of The Thighs'*** *and* ***'Major Barbra'*** *(a previously unreleased studio song, co-produced by O'Neill and* ***Tony Bonjiovi****).*

■ BRITISH PUNK-METAL act **Maniac** have just put out a four-track EP titled **'Killing For Pleasure'** through the newly-formed *Rentaracket* label. The track listing is:

Side One: **'Killing For Pleasure'** and **'1984'**.

Side Two: **'Say No'** and **'Adrenalin Rush'**.

■ THE **FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS**, who recently signed a new recording deal with the *Epic* label, issue their debut album for the company on June 2. Produced by **Dave Edmunds**, it's titled **'Tuff Enuff'** and has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Tuff Enuff'** (set for release as a single on May 19), **'Tell Me'**, **'Look At That, Look At That'**, **'Two Timin' Lovin''**, and **'Amnesia'**.

Side Two: **'Wrap It Up'**, **'True Love'**, **'Why Get Up'**, **'I Don't Care'** and **'Down At Antones'**.

The band's line-up is **Kim Wilson** (lead vocals/harmonica), **Jimmy Vaughan** (guitar-six string bass/steel guitar/vocals), **Fran Christina** (drums/vocals) and **Preston Hubbard** (bass/vocals).

BANDS WANTED

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PENFRIENDS

MALE KISS FAN (15) seeks penfriends from USA (13 upwards), New York especially. Richard Evans, 5 Frank Crosse Drive, Upton Magna, Shrewsbury, Shropshire, England.

NEWS

METALLICA have added the following dates to their previously announced UK tour itinerary: Cardiff St. David's Hall September 10, Bradford St. George's Hall 11, Edinburgh Playhouse 12. Tickets at all venues on the British tour are now on sale.

THE RAMONES have switched their show at Edinburgh Empire on May 16 to Edinburgh Playhouse on May 14.

STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN AND DOUBLE TROUBLE play Hammersmith Palais on June 5.

INXS have announced a show at London Royal Albert Hall on June 24. Tickets are priced at £6/£5 and are available now from the venue box office and usual ticket agents

PALLAS have added the following dates to their tour itinerary: Bradford Royal Standard May 3, Hull The Tower 4, Cleethorpes Pier Hotel 5, Sutton-In-Ashfield Golden Diamond Club 9, Walthamstow Royal Standard 20, Port Talbot Ruffles Night Club 22, Blackburn King George's Hall 23, Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk 24, Glasgow Mayfair 25, Perth Plough Inn 26.

THE CHURCH play London Marquee Club on May 12/13.

NEIL YOUNG will be appearing at Birmingham NEC June 3, Edinburgh Playhouse 5, Wembley Arena 9/10.

Tickets are priced at £10.50/£9.50 (Birmingham/Wembley) £10/£9 (Edinburgh).

THE CHERRY BOMBZ will be appearing at Bradford University May 14, Manchester International 15, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne Mayfair 16, Glasgow Queen May Hall 17, Aberdeen The Venue 18, Bristol Bierkeller 20, Brighton Coasters 21, Leicester University 22, Oxford College 23, Dunstable Queensway Hall 24, Hull Tower Ballroom 25, Nottingham Rock City 26, Sheffield University 27, Camden Electric Ballroom 28.

JAVA *(lead vocalist* ***Rosella*** *pictured above) play a show at Covent Garden Rock Garden on May 12. Tickets are priced at £1.50 and they'll be topping a bill that also includes* ***Blue September***, ***Jim Jiminee*** *and* ***Grand Theft Auto****.*

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS will be appearing at Leeds Trade Hall May 2, Tonypandy Rock Club 7, Lincoln College Of Art 8, Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall 9, Carlisle Stars & Stripes 13, Perth Plough Inn 14, Bannockburn Tandhu Club 15, Glasgow The Venue 16, Wishaw Heathery Bar 17, Huddersfield Polytechnic 19, Yeovil Gardens 23, Wolverhampton Scruples 24, Nottingham Mardi Gras 26, Leicester Princess Charlotte 27, Runcorn Cherry Tree 28, Isle Of Man Summerlands 31/June 3, London Marquee Club 6/7, Melbourne Rock Club 13, Coventry General Wolfe 14, Bristol Roxys 17, Ebbw Vale Beaufort Ballroom 20, Kempton Park Mag Rally 28.

CHASAR play Alloa Endrick Hotel May 2, Thurso Way Inn 24, Baloch Flamingo 31.

'PEST CONTROL

UFO's ATOMIK TOMMY M: get moving!

Pic Ray Palmer

UFO
Hungexpo, Budapest

I WANDER out trying to look cool and on top of the situation. Out here, beyond the Iron Curtain, beyond the last vestiges of reason, it may be prudent not to f**k with the natives but it will also pay, I decide, to look like I'm not about to be f**ked with either. I amble into the photo pit where Ray Palmer is battling it out with a horde of Hungarian *paparazzi* and seeming none the better for the experience. This, I deem, is not the place for me.

So here I am, weighing up the possibilities of either joining the teeming throng of sweaty creatures who have collected under this roof to witness the unlikely coupling of Dr Feelgood, Jack Bruce and 'the Baxter Brothers', or else seeking sanctuary at the side of the stage, when suddenly there's a rotund figure at the centre-stage mike announcing: "OOH-FOH!!" Clearly, the man means UFO, and it's time for me to make a move.

After a couple of weeks playing second fiddle to Accept, UFO evidently feel good to be out topping the bill again, even if it is only somewhere in the rock'n'roll outback. This is where they belong, you can tell, this is where they should be plying their trade, in front of thousands of kids, cruising into the night, too hot to handle.

This new UFO are beginning to know each other at last, beginning to work as a unit, and the transformation in the few short months since the trials and tribulations of their appearance at the *Hammersmith Odeon* (last November) is suitably dramatic. And, as with all twists and turns in the UFO story, it ultimately concerns one man, vocalist Phil Mogg. He looks slimmer and healthier and far more in control these days; the pity of it is, he knows as well as I the futility of attempting to exercise that control.

No-one here understands a word he's saying, so there's no jokes and only one quip the whole night, maybe for my benefit, maybe for the band's, I don't know. But that self-confidence has taken the edge off his infamous arrogance, the man delivering a tighter performance than I can ever remember. And again, the pity of it is, maybe I was the only one there to recognise it.

It all comes down to having something to prove; namely that UFO can still go out there and headline, still turn it on, still write some of the leanest, finest rock songs in the business.

They play 11 numbers tonight, no less than seven of them from the current 'Misdemeanor' album, with 'Too Hot To Handle' thrown in early; they round off with a rousing, extended 'Only You Can Rock Me', closing with 'Lights Out' and encore 'Doctor, Doctor'.

Alongside Mogg there's bassist Paul Gray, storming about the stage destroying both amps and guitars (more of this in an up-coming feature) in a frenzied attempt to throw off his 'John Taylor' image. Then there's drummer Jim Simpson who knocks seven shades of s**t out of his gong during 'Name Of Love' and does equally obscene things to the rest of his kit throughout the show. I can't actually tell what the sound is like from my chosen vantage point (sidestage), all I can hear is the monitors, but I can *feel* him drumming through the floor!

Paul Raymond, meanwhile, has at last emerged as a formidable asset to the UFO sound with his keyboard and guitar work, adding colour, tone and texture to the songs. Only lead guitarist Atomik Tommy M seems over-awed by the crowd, remaining too static throughout for my taste. His guitar work is quite phenomenal, but I wanted more movement.

And yet, despite this new authority, the Budapest show does not come off well. The reason becomes obvious after a while. The first five rows are going apes**t but beyond that it's evident no-one knows the material here; they probably won't get 'Misdemeanor' for another five or ten years and even 'Doctor, Doctor' doesn't trigger a reaction.

It's difficult for a band who've ploughed so much into a gig to get so little back, so Mogg tries a foray into the photo-pit during the encore and the kids at the front go crazy and the photographers even more so. Tommy, Raymond and Gray are all doing their Pete Way impressions at the front of the stage when Mogg regards them from below. By now I've re-joined the photographic throng and, like I said, I don't know if it was for my benefit, but Mogg quips: "They don't look so s**t-hot to me!"

Well, maybe not to you, Phil, but they looked pretty damn fine to me!

DAVE DICKSON

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL
Sussex University, Brighton

SOME WHILE ago, a so-called 'rock fan' wrote in complaining that he couldn't conceive of any *Kerrang!* reader actually liking Gene Loves Jezebel. Curious, still. . .

A couple of issues back, Derek Oliver described a Bob Seger single as *'remarkably like sex – eagerly awaited but ultimately tiresome!'* Just when you're beginning to wonder who it is that's sharing the Oliver bed, dragging him through this *'tiresome'* experience, all is revealed when he turns his attention to the GLJ single, 'The Sweetest Thing'. *'The sweetest thing in my life at present'*, Del Boy bemoans, *'is a hot water bottle, such is the coldness of my bunk'*. Ah-hah, all is explained, all becomes clear. Attempting copulation with a hot water bottle seems destined to lead to disappointment, however *'eagerly anticipated'*. It may also serve to addle the brain.

Gene Loves Jezebel do not sound *'like a bunch of Echo And The Bunnymen fans trying desperately to impersonate Rolf Harris'*. No indeed, back to your tepid water bottle, Del Boy, this is rock'n'roll beyond the ken of the likes of you. This, ladies and gentlemen, is rock'n'roll that excites, thrills and disturbs; eagerly awaited, yes, but never tiresome. And yes, any *Kerrang!* reader with an open enough mind could find succour at the gates of a GLJ gig.

Between new boy James Stevenson (late of Gen X) on guitar and Marcus Gilvear on drums, a dense, awesome wall of noise is concocted to back the Aston brothers as they weave their dark tales out front. This sound, believe me, straddles the delicate line that separates rock'n'roll in its heaviest form from Heavy Metal at its most mindless.

But it's the Astons who make GLJ something truly remarkable, totally different and utterly exhilarating. The interplay between the singers, Michael and Jay, as they combine elements of theatre with their rock, interweaving their vocals, is stunning. They perform numbers like 'Always A Flame', 'Stephen' and 'Immigrant' that on vinyl are unsettling enough but live take on a whole new aspect, something that really has to be seen to be understood.

Gene Loves Jezebel: eagerly awaited and ultimately satisfying, you'd better believe it.

DAVE DICKSON

BERNING DOWN THE HOUSE

Pic Tony Mottram

TORMÉ THE MAN: he's got a wang bar and he's gonna use it

TORME/MOHO PACK/ QUEERBOYS
Clarendon Ballroom, Hammersmith

I MUST confess, I had not expected to like the Queerboys. I mean, the name doesn't encourage you to hold out much hope, does it?! It was, therefore, a pleasant surprise to discover that the 'Boys are a gritty, no-nonsense raunch'n'roll band in the fine tradition of Hanoi Rocks, with a crafty nod in the direction of the Stones and Aerosmith.

The vocalist caught my attention in particular, being blessed with a style akin to John Cougar or even Steven Tyler. All very simple and basic but it succeeded in getting the diverse Tormé crowd to shake a leg or two.

'Simple' is not a word I would use to describe the Moho Pack. 'Bizarre' would be more like it. This is hardly a rock'n'roll band, more an *avant-garde* theatre company performing against a disturbing, oppressive back-beat.

The MP sound is dominated by the escalating operatic wailing of two women standing on either side of the stage, who sport a tasteful selection of masks, all representing something deeply significant no doubt (blow me if I know what it is, though). The bass player, meanwhile, wears a silly white head-dress which makes it very difficult to take him at all seriously.

However, a word of praise for the two drummers who produce an awesomely powerful sound with their incessant pounding. Pity that the guitarist makes Sigue Sigue Sputnik look accomplished. I could go on but I think you get the picture, right?

Thank heavens for good ol' Bernie Tormé who dragged the evening back into the Eighties and back to good ol', dear ol' rock'n'roll. Kicking off with 'Wild West', Tormé the band had the packed *Clarendon* crowd eating outta their hands from the opening chord. It's five months since they last played London and it showed in the troupe's obvious delight at being back in front of such a responsive audience.

Bernie Tormé should thank God (or someone) every day for giving him the foresight to employ Phil Lewis as frontman. The former Girl and New Torpedos vocalist has improved beyond recognition, now having a quite remarkable rapport with the Tormé crowd. During 'Star', the current single, for example, the crowd takes over on vocals and Lewis just stands back and leaves 'em to it! Glorious stuff.

Drummer Ian Whitewood and bassist Chris Heilmann form a rock solid rhythm section, a stable framework for Bernie's guitar histrionics. In the past, Mr Tormé has had more than his fair share of criticism, and whilst it's true that since leaving Gillan he's not always been associated with great vocalists or great songs, now he has *both*. As a result, his total mastery of the guitar is highlighted to devastating effect, particularly on 'Mystery Train' from the 'Back To Babylon' album (released last Autumn).

Other '. . . Babylon' numbers such as 'Hardcore', plus older material like 'My Baby Loves A Vampire' and 'Turn Out The Lights', rub shoulders with a brace of new tunes, the most impressive of these being 'Love, Guns And Money' (featured on the B-side of 'Star'). This is a real gem, reminiscent of Billy Idol at his very best, complete with chantalong choruses punctuated by characteristic fretboard flurries.

Proceedings were brought to a suitably manic close with one of the finest renditions of 'New Orleans' this side of Joan Jett, plus a storming version of 'Teenage Kicks' that stomped all over the Undertones' original.

Murderous. MAURA SUTTON

49 SCREAM
The Bull, East Sheen

"49 SCREAM are VERY good," announced one of the patrons of *The Bull* very loudly as I headed for the gents. I'm not sure if this was a hint to the press, or just a careless whisper. Either way, you can't argue with the fact that 49 Scream *are* an exceptionally together three-piece who strongly deserve wider attention.

Whether they will alter the entire direction of the industry for decades ahead is a moot point, but there's no doubt that the Screamers have cool assurance, good songs and advanced musicianship. Where they're lacking is in the showbiz and glamour department.

Russell Emmanuel on bass does most of the talking, explaining the lyrics to such poignant songs as 'The Toys Are Crying'. The rest of the chaps, Michael Christof on guitar and James Willett on drums, get down to business behind dark glasses and berets.

The resulting sound, crisp, clean, clear and powerful, reminds me of the Jon Butcher Axis with overtones of Big Country, especially numbers like 'Shadow Of The Cross' and 'All At Sea', with ringing, echoing guitar chords, a bass drone and vibrant drums. And they gave the same treatment to a most acceptable version of Bowie's 'Rebel Rebel', followed by their own rocking stomper, 'Four Minutes'.

It was a shame there weren't more fans prepared to cough up the £2.50 required to go upstairs at *The Bull* and hear 49 Scream, not to mention their excellent support band Voyeur, who earlier threatened to steal the evening with an entertaining set. The vast hordes in the bars below stayed with a free disco. I'd sooner hear a live band any day!

CHRIS WELCH

EXCITER / ONSLAUGHT
Marquee, London

THE *MARQUEE* walls ran red with blood tonight as frenzied masses hurled themselves furiously stagewards; three score of manic, deranged Angus Youngs slammin' hysterically to every drum beat and launching themselves off the stage, bowling over their rabid cell-mates like human skittles – and that was just during Onslaught's soundcheck!

To say that the Bristol Punksters-cum-Metalheads were well-received is something of an understatement: if the level of audience intensity had been raised one iota then we'd be counting the band's success in terms of mangled corpses rather then just sore limbs!

But, to be honest, Onslaught weren't perhaps as forceful (a cheap pun for which I've already paid my penance) as their omnipotent album ("A *K-Tel* Slayer" was one comment from a bespectacled gent standing in front of me). Little time to set up and soundcheck, continual instrument failure and a mix that actually deteriorated as the set wore on, all conspired to tarnish what must have been the band's most important gig to date.

Still, the fans didn't notice anything amiss, mindlessly flailing away to their hearts' content as Onslaught hammered through all seven monstrous cuts from 'The Force' LP. They've now far outstripped their meagre British contemporaries and should be aiming their destructive sights on the trigger-happy shores of Europe.

By comparison, Exciter's sound was flawless, and with there being only three of 'em, there was enough room onstage to run a marathon – at least by normal *Marquee* standards.

Now with the possible exception of the 'Heavy Metal Maniac' LP, I am not a regular subscriber to the Exciter guide to Metal-by-numbers; nor have our paths crossed before in a live situation. To me, they play with all the professionalism and panache you'd expect from a mob with four albums to their credit, but it all seemed just a little superficial and smacked too of being cynically orchestrated.

Certainly, the likes of '(I Hate) School Rules' falls into the latter category, although in fairness it was very well received (as was all their stuff, particularly the older, faster tunes). But looking around the cramped *Marquee*, '(I Hate) School Rules' was probably very pertinent to about half the audience anyway!

It was strange not seeing a frontman – drummer Dan Beehler handles all the intros and vocals – but my reservations in that department quickly vanished as Mr. Beehler proved himself a boisterous natural at the job. Mind you, if he said "How yer doing London?" once he said it a thousand bloody times!

Guitarist Brian McPhee, meanwhile, showed himself to be a more than adequate replacement for the departed John Ricci. Fetchingly attired in garish red strides and obligatory studded-belts, he hurled his slight frame around the stage, ripping out lead breaks that Michael Schenker would trade in his nationality for.

Perhaps if Exciter hadn't had to follow the wild, obsessive reaction that Onslaught elicited, I'd be more enthusiastic about the three Canucks. But, to be honest, they didn't really make me want a second helping and that, at the end of the day, is what makes or breaks a band.

PAUL MILLER

MORE REVIEWZ OVER PAGE

ROCK IN A HARD PLACE

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

AEROSMITH/TED NUGENT
Madison Square Garden, New York

PRIOR TO this show, Ted Nugent appeared on a couple of local radio stations, informing listeners that rock 'n' roll concerts were in trouble in New York City. It seems that insurance companies are refusing to insure concerts because of fans ripping up arenas, causing thousands of dollars worth of damage. And without insurance, promoters will *not* put on shows.

The Nuge was asking concert-goers to 'be cool' at the Aerosmith/Nugent gig at *Madison Square Garden* that night, a message re-inforced by members of Aerosmith during a radio interview just hours before the 8.00pm show-time. Seems that if any damage *was* caused the *Garden*, it would be the band's responsibility to pay for repairs! This was serious, folks!

Despite these appeals, however, the atmosphere inside the *Garden* was as near to a riot as I've ever encountered at a rock concert– and as close to the situation as I ever want to get.

The aisles were as crowded as the last train out before the Holocaust, the entire scene resembling thousands of starved zombies let loose in a supermarket! The arena was packed to capacity with every seat (except those behind the stage) taken and every fan in the house foaming at the mouth for blood or Metal, whichever came first. But on with the show . . .

NUGENT LOOKED great onstage, churning out 'Great White Buffalo' with a hot white spotlight overhead. He seemed almost vulnerable, standing before the mob without a shirt on, so exposed. Despite his 'distant early warnings' on the radio, however, the crowd was busy throwing firecrackers and had already begun ripping up seat-cushions to fashion impromptu frisbees.

Suddenly, the PA system went out and Ted began talking to the fans, trying to placate them. They were having none of it, though, and when he announced that the entire system would have to be shut down before it could be fixed, it was the last straw. As he walked offstage, he was accompanied by 17,000 irate ticket-holders stomping their feet in unison on the metal floors of the *Garden*. Add to this yelling, whistling and shouting – plus the inevitable firecrackers – and you begin to get the picture.

A sparkler tossed from overhead landed a few rows in front of me and for a moment it looked as though someone's coat had caught fire. But thankfully the situation never got *that* out of hand, and it wasn't too long before the Nuge was back onstage, telling the mob that he was going to find the person responsible for the f**k-up and "talk to that asshole!"

He then launched into "the title track of my new LP", 'Little Miss Dangerous', which he said was about his lady. Clean-shaven, sporting a skin-tight camouflage-patterned one-piece leotard, sneakers, white wristbands and ever-flowing hair, it was hard to look at anything or anyone else even if he wasn't in the spotlight. To say the least, the man has a commanding presence.

During 'Motor City Madhouse' he proved how agile he is by climbing to the top of a stack of speakers above the drum-riser, posing on one knee while continuing to play with one hand behind his head. And during 'Stranglehold' he seemed to be choking the notes out of his guitar one at a time while lying practically flat on his back. The grand finale found him throwing that mass of curls around and around – a lesser man would have gotten dizzy at the thought!

After a brief period offstage, Nugent and his band came back for the encores, the crowd becoming hysterical as they went into 'Cat Scratch Fever'. That famous scream opened the song, with everyone in the stalls standing on the backs of their seats – a mass of clenched fists punching the air.

Next up was 'Wang Dang Sweet Poontang' with the band (guitarist Dave Amato, bassist Dave Kiswiney and drummer Cliff Davies) sounding very well rehearsed, knowing every pause and nuance, every space for a breath. It was tight.

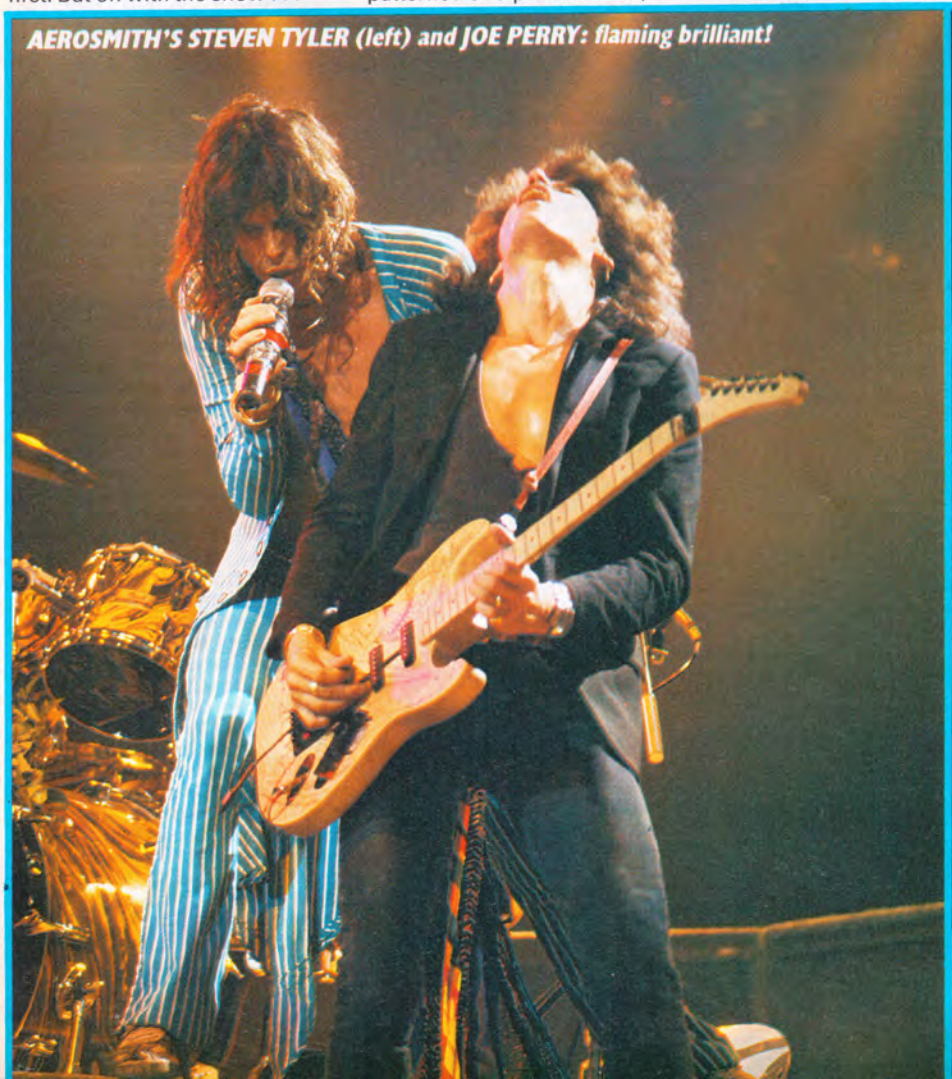
As Nuge was on his knees thanking the audience, his girlfriend Pele teetered out onto the stage in precariously high heels, barely dressed in white undergarments complete with stockings and suspenders. Right on cue, Ted swept her up in his arms and carried her off for a dramatic ending! And this was just the opening act!

AN IMPENETRABLE black curtain hid the stage while the set was changed for Aerosmith, then the taped music stopped, the lights went out and the curtain was raised to reveal a giant 'A' outlined in hundreds of lights chasing each other around the stage and across the various levels.

When vocalist Steven Tyler came out, he looked so familiar, so comfortable, prancing around in a floppy black hat with a red sash flowing from the brim, gripping a mike-stand dripping with scarves . . . and, of course, those famous lips were still in working order. He reminded me of a skeleton marionette, bouncing around while an invisible master pulled the strings from above.

There was a good strong energy about Aerosmith with Tyler singing and moving better than ever, hitting all the notes and doing a little choreographed soft-shoe shuffle from one end of the stage to the other.

The band burst into 'My Fist, Your Face' from the new 'Done With Mirrors' album, and it sounded as though they'd been doing the song for years. Tyler baited the audience throughout the set with comments about New York – you know, the usual stuff about how great a NY audience is – going on to pull out the old familiar stunts, like playing the harmonica and leaning all over the mike-stand in



AEROSMITH'S STEVEN TYLER (left) and JOE PERRY: flaming brilliant!

THE NUGE: all mouth and skin-tight camouflage-patterned one-piece leotard

Pix Ross Halfin

a pose reminiscent of the young Frank Sinatra.

At one point, the drum riser began to do a slow turn until Joey Kramer was actually facing the back of the arena (I still haven't figured that one out yet), but Tyler was right upfront all the way, his ceaseless Mr. Bojangles steps eventually leading into the classic song 'Walking The Dog'.

Guitarist Joe Perry became the centre of attention when he regaled the fans with a bluesy version of the Hendrix standard 'Red House', giving Tyler the chance to run offstage and change into another flowing coat. He returned to a flashing strobe effect, which was used to punctuate 'Lightning Strikes', a track from the 'Rock In A Hard Place' album.

Tyler scolded the crowd for throwing things onstage, but as he began to sing from the tip of the 'A' (now lowered to serve as a ramp of sorts), a serious fight broke out down the front. A uniformed security guard stood calmly watching while one kid beat the s**t out of another.

NEVER MIND, it was time for the hits: 1986 versions of 'Walk This Way', 'Let The Music Do The Talking', *etc.* Perry went into guitar overdrive, sounding like a fleet of spaceships taking off, while for the obligatory drum solo the riser rolled forward and the chaser lights decorating the lip of the platform went into action. Kramer made a great show of signalling the audience for a response, then sat back down behind the kit and began banging the drums with his fists and head – only he was really using a foot-pedal all along!

'Toys In The Attic' was up next, at which point a huge lighting grid framed the first 'A' while another, larger one was raised behind it, flashing lights and colours into the darkness. Then the band high-tailed it offstage and the audience began to throw a temper tantrum for an encore.

At least we didn't have to wait too long – just long enough for Tyler to change outfits once again. This time, he re-emerged all in white, followed by two scantily clad young women wearing Aerosmith promotional T-shirts and carrying a larger-than-life replica of the new album cover. Whatever happened to the subtle approach?!

Tyler was soon up on one of the side risers, playing the opening to the ballad 'Dream On' on keyboards; a classic song, though there was one really silly moment when he had to run from his position behind the keyboards, down to centre-stage and reach the mike in time to sing the next line. Even with his lightning speed he was late by a second, but at least he was moving, running all over the stage, in fact.

Meanwhile, someone in the upper tiers was busy igniting something into a flameball, throwing it into the seats on one side of the arena. What with this and the cigarette lighters going full blast, it looked like *Madison Square Garden* was on the brink of being kremated.

As Tyler was yelling out his "thank you and good night" patter, I scooped up my coat and ran for my life. IDA S. LANGSAM

SHORT

reviewed by DAVE DICKSON

TWISTED SISTER: 'You Want What We Got' (Atlantic)
Not as classy a single as 'I Am (I'm Me)' or 'We're Not Gonna Take It'. In fact, the lack of singles material on the current 'Come Out And Play' album may explain the lack of response to it in the States. It's hard, it's heavy, I'd love it to become a hit but somehow I just can't see it happening with this one.

JUDAS PRIEST: 'Turbo Lover' (CBS)
THIS, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS COMPLETELY AND UTTERLY BRILLIANT AND TOTALLY GREAT. IT HAS THE LOT: SINGALONG CHORUS, SUPERB LYRICS AND IS GENERALLY HEAVIER THAN A JUGGERNAUT UP THE BACKSIDE! IN FACT, THIS IS SO DISGUSTINGLY, MIND-BENDINGLY HEAVY IT CAN ONLY BE WRITTEN ABOUT IN CAPITALS SO THAT YOU CAN GET AN INKLING OF THE SHEER MEGA-HEAVIOSITY IN WHICH WE'RE ENGAGED HERE! SO EVERYONE GO OUT AND BUY THIS RELEASE, THEN WE CAN MAKE THE BASTARDS AT *RADIO ONE* HAVE TO SUFFER THE F**KER DAY IN AND DAY OUT!

THE MOODY BLUES: 'Your Wildest Dreams' (Polydor)
Slightly too uptempo to qualify as a dreamy, Summer hit which the lyrics obviously incline towards. Should go down well with the muesli-picnic crowd. Very pleasant, I don't have a cynical word to say against this.

CACTUS WORLD NEWS: 'Worlds Apart' (MCA)
CWN come from that current hotbed of talent, Dublin, and this is pretty epic stuff in the same left-of-centre vein as the Waterboys and the Alarm. Cactus World News (stupid name, but let's not quibble) could be the Cult of '86. OK, *MCA*, so let's talk seriously about this lot.

TORME: 'Star' (Zebra 12")
Not wild about the (John McCoy) production on this four-track EP. I think it's about time Tormé stopped sounding like a garage band and started coming on like they mean it. 'Star' could be a hit given the proper treatment and enough push, but at the moment it's still second division stuff.

'Kerrap' on the B-side is supposed to be about us.

PETE TOWNSHEND: 'Give Blood' (Atco)
Can't say this particularly grabbed me in any way, shape or form, but then to many Townshend is a latter-day Messiah, so who am I to argue? A minor hit, though for the life of me I don't know why.

ENGLISH DOGS: 'Metalmorphosis' (Under One Flag)
A three-track EP, *Side One* of which is appropriately titled 'Nightmare Of Reality'. That this vinyl junkyard is a reality is indisputable; that it is also a nightmare seems beyond any reasonable doubt.

DEE SNIDER of Twisted Sister: 'it's hard, it's heavy . . . it's not happening'

Unrelenting garbage for fans of Thrash Metal and other students of self-imposed lobotomy.

DIRE STRAITS: 'Your Latest Trick' (Vertigo)
My love, admiration and respect for everything this band turns out knows no bounds, and this is utterly wonderful, cruising along on a restrained lead sax line and Mark Knopfler's beautifully languorous vocal. Certainly not an obvious single, but then I wouldn't bet against any song released by Dire Straits being a hit.

MR. MISTER: 'Is It Love' (RCA)
No, not even Mr. Mister can quite come up to Dire Straits' ridiculously high standards but they certainly give it their best shot. Mr. Mister go for their third consecutive Number One in the States and I see no reason why this shouldn't repeat the success of the superb 'Kyrie' in this country too.

This band seem to have hit upon the simple formula that if you give the public neat hooks and strong melodies they'll give you back a hit. Easy when you know how, right?

AC/DC: 'Who Made Who' (Atlantic)
'Krusher' says this is brill; my friend up at *Atlantic*, Mary, says it's brill too. Me? Seems like I've heard the hook somewhere before and this is still a pile of dingo's kidneys. A hit. The B-side, a live version of 'Guns For Hire', is infinitely better.

STRANGEWAYS: 'Close To The Edge' (Bonaire)
Elsewhere in this issue I rant on at length about how wonderful this band are; well, this is the short version. Just about the most exciting new group I've heard all year (and then some!), this is their debut single, a ballad (what else?), featuring some light-fingered fretwork courtesy of Ian Stewart and some great vocals from the now-departed Tony Liddell. A great sounding, simply structured song in the Foreigner/Def Leppard mould.

FRANKIE MILLER: 'I'd Lie To You For Your Love' (Vertigo)
Frankie Miller always seemed one of those also-rans after Rod Stewart and this is presumably part of another 'come-back'. Nonetheless, it's a pleasant enough gentle rocker in that Joe Fagen/*'Auf Weidersehen,* Pet' style that seems so popular these days, a style that Miller and Joe Cocker probably pioneered all those years ago. The single also features Simon Kirke (drums) and Brian Robertson (guitar), so well worth listening out for.

THE CARS: 'I'm Not The One' (Elektra)
Ever hear the joke about the single with the really apt title?

SUZE DE MARCHI: 'Young Hearts' (EMI)
A lady of Australian extraction now resident in London. She looks better than she sounds, which may help her career. Maybe we should have her in *Lady Killers.*

CHROME MOLLY: 'I Want To Find Out' (Powerstation)
Young, energetic, enthusiastic but, sadly, ultimately doomed to obscurity. Indie singles never seem to crack it.

PAUL BRADY: 'Deep In Your Heart' (Mercury)
Paul Brady co-wrote 'Cal' with Mark Knopfler who does his bit here by playing on this rather excellent single (*has* to be him, no-one plays like that!) (*Except for Eric Clapton, who* actually *plays guitar here – smug, self-righteous Ed).* A beautiful, gentle, rambling song in that Chris Rea style of Celtic romance.

THE RAMONES: 'Something In My Drink'/'Something To Believe In' (Beggars Banquet)
My very good friend at *BB*, Karen, has specifically asked me to give this a 'glowing' review and since she bought me a lunch recently who am I to refuse? So this review has been printed in special ink that actually *glows* in the dark! Honest!!

This is the most commercial thing I've ever heard from the Ramones – still doesn't do anything for me though. Next!

HUEY LEWIS & THE NEWS: 'The Heart Of Rock & Roll' (Chrysalis)
'The Heart Of Rock & Roll', Huey informs us, *'is still beatin''*. Good. Huey Lewis makes great pop and this is no exception, even if it is three years old. What I really want to know is how much he screwed out of Ray Parker Jr for ripping off 'Ghostbusters' from Huey's 'I Want A New Drug'. Can anyone tell me? Bet it's more interesting than the record.

JOURNEY: 'Be Good To Yourself' (CBS)
CBS didn't actually manage to get me a copy of the vinyl but they did send the three different covers it comes in, 12", 7" and 7" gatefold. I tried playing all three on my stereo but couldn't get the damn things to do anything more than go 'KKKKKKKKHHHHHHHH THTHTHTHT!!!' Still the best single I've heard from Journey yet, though.

LOCAL CHART

1 SKEPTICS APOCALYPSE **Agent Steel** (Roadrunner)
2 WALLS OF JERICHO **Helloween** (Noise)
3 MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
4 THE WARNING **Queensrÿche** (EMI America)
5 CALL OF THE WILD **Lee Aaron** (Roadrunner)
6 SYMPHONIES OF STEEL **Exxplorer** (Black Dragon)
7 ICON **Icon** (Capitol)
8 RED, HOT AND HEAVY **Pretty Maids** (Epic)
9 POWER OF THE NIGHT **Savatage** (Atlantic)
10 PYROMANIA **Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
11 RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
12 MASTER OF DISGUISE **Savage Grace** (Black Dragon)
13 THUNDER IN THE EAST **Loudness** (Music For Nations)
14 VICES **Kick Axe** (Pasha)
15 LIVE **Status Quo** (Vertigo)
16 MYSTERY OF ILLUSION **Chastain** (Roadrunner)
17 LIVE AFTER DEATH **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
18 KILL 'EM ALL **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
19 THE EAGLE HAS LANDED **Saxon** (Carrere)
20 SUBMIT OR DIE **Hellhound** (demo)
21 HEAVY METAL MANIAC **Exciter** (Roadrunner)
22 KIL 'D KOR **Kil 'd Kor** (demo)
23 DAWN PATROL **Night Ranger** (Epic)
24 RESTLESS & WILD **Accept** (Heavy Metal Worldwide)
25 SIGN OF THE HAMMER **Manowar** (10 Records)
26 INVASION OF YOUR PRIVACY **Ratt** (Atlantic)
27 TOO ILLEGAL **Stiletto** (demo)
28 TALES OF TERROR **Hallow's Eve** (Roadrunner)
29 INFERNAL OVERKILL **Destruction** (Steamhammer)
30 MORDOR **Mordor** (demo)

Compiled by Blackout *fanzine, West Germany.*
Anyone wishing to have their local chart/radio playlist published should send a copy to: ***Kerrang! charts, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1 7QZ.***

STAR CHOICE

ZENO ROTH (ZENO)
'BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY' Queen (EMI 45)
'KYRIE' Mr. Mister (RCA 45)
'SERENADE FOR WINDS K2361' Neville Marriner (track from the 'Amadeus' soundtrack LP on London)

CRAIG GOLDIE (DIO)
'AGENT PROVOCATEUR' Foreigner (Atlantic)
'PERFECT STRANGERS' Deep Purple (Polydor)
'RAINBOW RISING' Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow (Polydor)

JEFF 'LOX' LIMBO (FATE)
'5150' Van Halen (Warner Brothers)
'THE BIG PRIZE' Honeymoon Suite (Warner Brothers)
'ASYLUM' Kiss (Vertigo)

ROB HALFORD (JUDAS PRIEST)
'SHOT IN THE DARK' Ozzy Osbourne (Epic 45)
'WHOLE LOTTA LOVE' Led Zeppelin (track from the 'Led Zeppelin II' LP on Atlantic)
'THE LAST IN LINE' Dio (Vertigo)

IMPORTS

1 CLASSICS LIVE **Aerosmith** (CBS)
2 FIGHT TO SURVIVE **White Lion** (Victor Japan)
3 PLEASURE TO KILL **Kreator** (Noise)
4 HOTTER THAN METAL **Kiss** (Superstar)
5 III **Bow Wow** (East World)
6 RUSSIAN ROULETTE **Accept** (Indisc)
7 FINAL STRIKE **Backwater** (Disaster)
8 POISON DOLLYS **Poison Dollys** (Invasion)
9 IN THE PINK **Dizzy Bitch** (Azra)
10 BEYOND THE PALE **Fiona** (Atlantic)

INDIE METAL

1	1	MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
2	2	SPREADING THE DISEASE **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
3	4	SURRENDER **Joshua** (FM)
4	3	UNVEILING THE WICKED **Exciter** (Music For Nations)
5	9	RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
6	8	BEHOLD THE BEGINNING **Diamond Head** (Metal Masters)
7	7	FATAL PORTRAIT **King Diamond** (Roadrunner)
8	5	ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT **Magnum** (FM)
9	11	KILL 'EM ALL **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
10	12	SOLDIERS UNDER COMMAND **Stryper** (Enigma/Stiff)
11	14	OFFICIAL BOOTLEG **Venom** (American Phonograph)
12	6	BURNING AMBITION **Chariot** (Shades)
13	—	LAND OF THE GUN **Legs Diamond** (Music For Nations)
14	10	ANTHOLOGY **Magnum** Raw Power
15	—	THE FORCE **Onslaught** (Under One Flag)
16	—	CARNIVORE **Carnivore** (Roadrunner)
17	13	KOMMANDER OF KAOS **Wendy O. Williams** (Zebra)
18	20	BEST OF HANOI ROCKS **Hanoi Rocks** (Lick)
19	18	ANTHOLOGY **Uriah Heep** (Raw Power)
20	15	RACE WITH THE DEVIL **Girlschool** (Raw Power)

VIDEO

1	1	ALCHEMY LIVE **Dire Straits** (Channel 5)
2	—	9012 LIVE **Yes** (PolyGram)
3	2	LIVE IN RIO **Queen** (PMI)
4	5	GREATEST FLIX **Queen** (PMI)
5	4	LIVE – UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY **U2** (Virgin)
6	7	DANCE ON FIRE **The Doors** (CIC)
7	8	THE UNFORGETTABLE FIRE COLLECTION **U2** (Island Pictures)
8	6	LIVE AFTER DEATH **Iron Maiden** (PMI)
9	—	RECITAL OF THE SCRIPT **Marillion** (PMI)
10	9	LIVE AT THE NEC BIRMINGHAM **Status Quo** (Channel 5)
11	3	LIVE IN CONCERT **Dio** (Channel 5)
12	15	WORLD WIDE LIVE **Scorpions** (PMI)
13	11	THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME **Led Zeppelin** (Warner Home Video)
14	—	THE VIDEO **Ratt** (WEA Music)
15	—	UFO – THE MISDEMEANOR TOUR LIVE **UFO** (Embassy)

KERRANG!

ISSUE 120 MARKS THE 5th ANNIVERSARY OF THE REGULAR KERRANG! AN AWESOME 60 PAGE EDITION, ON SALE MAY 15. PLACE AN ORDER WITH YOUR NOISEAGENT **NOW!**

SINGLES

1	7	A KIND OF MAGIC **Queen** (EMI)
2	—	LOOK AWAY **Big Country** (Mercury)
3	—	STARS **Hear 'n Aid** (Vertigo)
4	3	WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
5	—	ROUGH BOY **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
6	2	HARLEM SHUFFLE **Rolling Stones** (Rolling Stones Records/CBS)
7	4	THESE DREAMS **Heart** (Capitol)
8	—	THAT GIRL **FM** (Portrait)
9	—	TURBO LOVER **Judas Priest** (CBS)
10	11	UNDER A RAGING MOON **Roger Daltrey** (10 Records)
11	17	IT'S ALL GONE **Chris Rea** (Magnet)
12	9	AMERICAN STORM **Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band** (Capitol)
13	6	ROCK 'N' ROLL GIPSY **Saxon** (Parlophone)
14	5	THIS TIME **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
15	10	TALK TO ME **Stevie Nicks** (Modern Records/Parlophone)
16	19	BURNING HEART (THEME FROM 'ROCKY IV') **Survivor** (Scotti Brothers)
17	—	IN MY DREAMS **Dokken** (Elektra)
18	16	MARKET SQUARE HEROES **Marillion** (EMI)
19	14	SHOT IN THE DARK **Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
20	15	HOT GIRLS IN LOVE **Cherry Bombz** (Lick)
21	12	EDGE OF DARKNESS **Eric Clapton with Michael Kamen** (BBC)
22	8	I CAN'T HOLD BACK **Survivor** (Scotti Brothers)
23	25	AMBITIOUS **Jeff Beck** (Epic)
24	28	FOR AMERICA **Jackson Browne** (Asylum)
25	7	SILENT RUNNING **Mike & The Mechanics** (WEA International)
26	20	CREEPING DEATH **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
27	26	VOICES **Russ Ballard** (EMI America)
28	re	HEART OF LOTHIAN **Marillion** (EMI)
29	27	WALK OF LIFE **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
30	13	SMOKIN' IN BOYS ROOM **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)

PLAYLIST

MALCOLM 'MAJOR HANGOVER' DOME
'BEYOND THE PALE' Fiona (Atlantic import)
'CHANGE OF ADDRESS' Krokus (Arista)
'TURBO' Judas Priest (CBS)

'OWARD 'CHICKEN GOTH' JOHNSON
'HOLLOW GIRL' We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It! (Radio One Session)
'BUILDING BURN' After Dark (demo)
'SERPENT'S KISS' The Mission (Chapter 22 12" 45)

DANTE 'ITALY FOR THE WORLD CUP?' BONUTTO
'HEART'S ON FIRE' 38 Special (track from the 'Strength In Numbers' LP on A&M)
'AIMING HIGH' Accept (track from the 'Russian Roulette' LP on Portrait))
'STARS' Various (Hear 'n Aid 45 on Vertigo)

GEOFF 'MOSHER' BARTON
'R.O.C.K. IN THE USA' John Cougar Mellencamp (Riva 45)
'WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE' Van Halen (Warner Bros 45)
'MALE SUPREMACY' Carnivore (track from the 'Carnivore' LP on Roadrunner)

ALBUMS

1	2	5150 **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
2	—	TURBO **Judas Priest** (CBS)
3	7	HEART **Heart** (Capitol)
4	5	BROTHERS IN ARMS **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
5	1	DIRTY WORK **Rolling Stones** (Rolling Stones Records/CBS)
6	6	NO JACKET REQUIRED **Phil Collins** (Virgin)
7	4	MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
8	3	MEAN BUSINESS **The Firm** (Atlantic)
9	12	UNDER LOCK AND KEY **Dokken** (Elektra)
10	10	ROCK A LITTLE **Stevie Nicks** (Modern Records/Parlophone)
11	—	ROCK ANTHEMS II **Various** (K-Tel)
12	11	RECKLESS **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
13	16	THE ULTIMATE SIN **Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
14	8	9012 LIVE – THE SOLOS **Yes** (Atco)
15	15	LIVES IN THE BALANCE **Jackson Browne** (Asylum)
16	18	ALCHEMY **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
17	9	CUTS LIKE A KNIFE **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
18	14	CODE OF THE ROAD **Nils Lofgren** (Towerbell)
19	26	MISPLACED CHILDHOOD **Marillion** (EMI)
20	—	LITTLE MISS DANGEROUS **Ted Nugent** (WEA International)
21	38	BORN IN THE USA **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
22	19	THE UNFORGETTABLE FIRE **U2** (Island)
23	48	GREATEST HITS **Queen** (EMI)
24	13	SEVENTH STAR **Black Sabbath Featuring Tony Iommi** (Vertigo)
25	29	LIVE – UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY **U2** (Island)
26	35	SKIN **Peter Hammill** (Foundry/Virgin)
27	45	SCARECROW **John Cougar Mellencamp** (Riva)
28	30	MAKING MOVIES **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
29	28	ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
30	20	LOVE OVER GOLD **Dire Straits** (Elektra)
31	17	SPREADING THE DISEASE **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
32	43	LIVE AFTER DEATH **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
33	—	LOVE AT FIRST STING **Scorpions** (EMI Price Attack)
34	25	SURRENDER **Joshua** (FM)
35	—	MASTERS OF METAL **Various** (K-Tel)
36	27	WAR **U2** (Island)
37	23	FINYL VINYL **Rainbow** (Polydor)
38	36	SALOME **The Enid** (Enid)
39	21	UNVEILING THE WICKED **Exciter** (Music For Nations)
40	24	THEATRE OF PAIN **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
41	—	RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
42	—	BEHOLD THE BEGINNING **Diamond Head** (Metal Masters)
43	—	10 FROM 6 **Bad Company** (Atlantic)
44	47	SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR **Marillion** (EMI)
45	31	FLY ON THE WALL **AC/DC** (Atlantic)
46	34	ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT **Magnum** (FM)
47	46	FATAL PORTRAIT **King Diamond** (Roadrunner)
48	42	ZENO **Zeno** (Parlophone)
49	—	ANTHOLOGY VOLUME II **Hawkwind** (Samurai)
50	32	THE WEDGE **Pallas** (Harvest)

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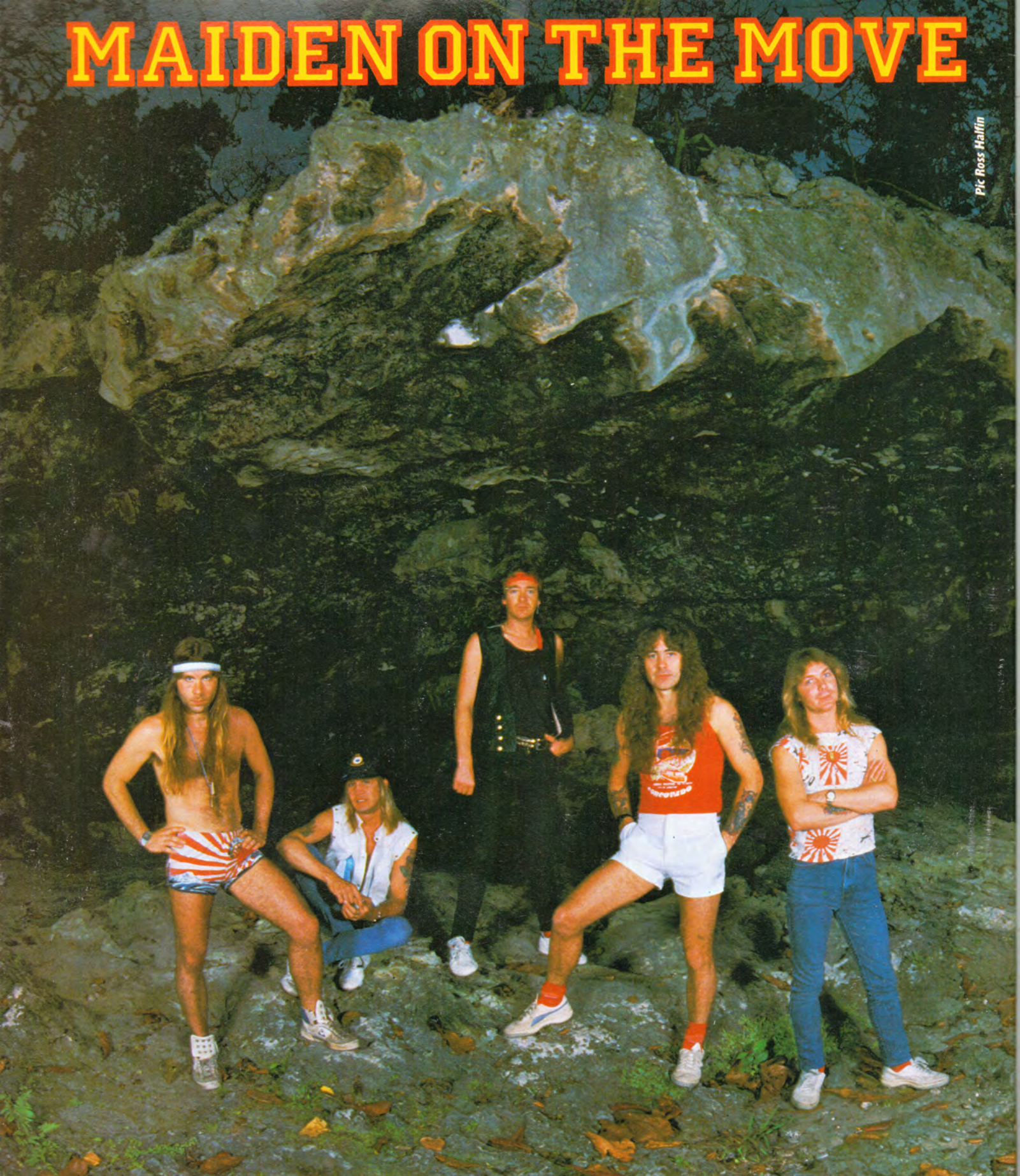
MAIDEN ON THE MOVE



Pic Ross Halfin

IRON MAIDEN (pictured above) will play 22 dates in the UK during October/November: Oxford Apollo October 3, St. Austell Cornish Coliseum 4, Cardiff St. David's Hall 6/7, Bristol Colston Hall 8, Manchester Apollo 10, Liverpool Empire 12, Leicester De Montfort Hall 14, Sheffield City Hall 15/16, Ipswich Gaumont 18, Nottingham Royal Centre 20, Hanley Victoria Hall 22, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne City Hall 24/25, Edinburgh Playhouse 27/28, Birmingham Odeon 30/31, Hammersmith Odeon November 3-5.

Tickets are priced at £6.50/£5.50 for all gigs, except Hammersmith (£6.50/£5.50/£4.50), St. Austell/Cardiff/Leicester/Hanley (£6.50).

The quintet, who are presently recording a new album with producer **Martin Birch** at *Compass Point Studios* in Nassau (the exotic location for this photo, incidentally), will be playing shows in Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia prior to the UK concerts and follow their British tour with appearances in Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium, France, Italy, Portugal, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, America, Japan, Canada and New Zealand.